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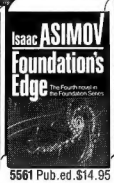

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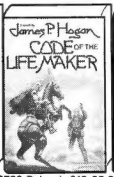

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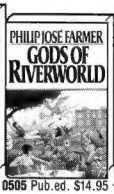

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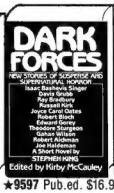

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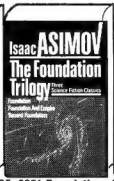

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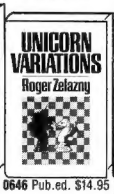

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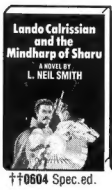

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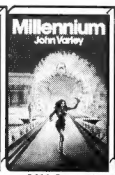

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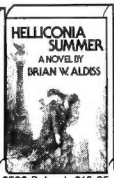

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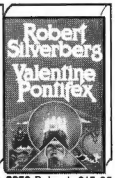

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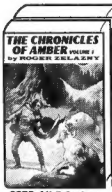

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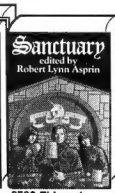

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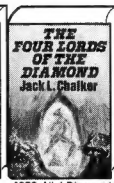

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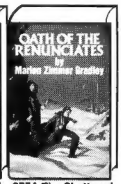

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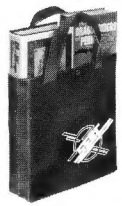

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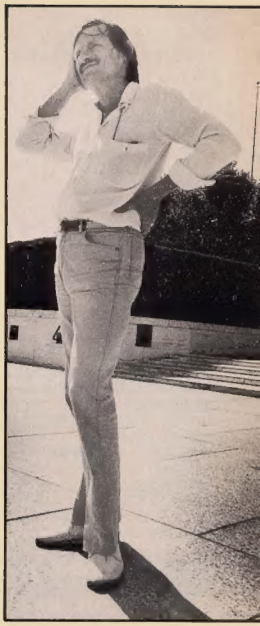
DOSSIER

TALKSKI WITH TARKOVSKY

Tarkovsky: "I am fascinated by the *idea* of science fiction—by our obsession with what *could* happen."



Andrei Tarkovsky gets nostalgic.

Photo © 1984 Robin Holland

The films of Russian director **Andrei Tarkovsky** are enigmatic, visionary—even ponderous—evocations of a landscape of the soul, and because of that his films have been both praised and reviled all over the world. His first feature, **Ivan's Childhood** (1962), which was awarded top prizes at the Venice, San Francisco, and Acapulco Film Festivals, was heralded as a sign of the revitalization of Soviet cinema after years of post-war stagnation. Tarkovsky's child protagonist—like the hero of Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*—is a child perverted by war. French existentialist, Jean-Paul Sartre, wrote that "Ivan is mad, he is a monster . . . the most innocent and touching victim of war."

Tarkovsky's second feature, ***Andrei Rublev*** (1966), established the first of what would become a recurring figure in his films: the tortured artist. The life story of Russia's greatest icon painter of the Middle Ages, *Andrei Rublev* was kept in the can until 1971 by the Soviet Union, perhaps because of its shocking depiction of atrocities committed by feudal lords and orgiastic revels of pagan peasants.

Perhaps best known to American audiences is Tarkovsky's third feature, ***Solaris*** (1972). Based on a science-fiction novel by Polish author Stanislaw Lem, *Solaris* is, like Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, a science-fiction film set not in the hardware store but in the rag-and-bone shop of the heart. The water planet, Solaris, becomes in Tarkovsky's hands a vast repository of the hidden fears and desires of all beings—a kind of Jungian planet swarming with the flotsam and jetsam of the human unconscious.

After making an autobiographical film called ***The Mirror*** (1975), Tarkovsky returned again to science fiction with ***Stalker*** (1979), a film adaptation of the Arkady and Boris Strugatsky novel, *Roadside Picnic*. *Stalker* is a political allegory about a government-restricted, mystery-shrouded area known as the "Zone," at the center of which exists a "Room" where all wishes can be fulfilled.

Tarkovsky's latest film (an entry in this year's New York Film Festival) is ***Nostalghia***, a portentous tale of a Russian artist in self-imposed exile in Italy where he has gone to research a biography of a dead composer (like all of Tarkovsky's films, *Nostalghia* is full of imagery of fog, mirrors, water, and fire). It is a portrait of the artist as an alienated, prophetic, and ultimately insane creature, cursed with a hypertrophic sensibility which will be the agent of his destruction or his art.

Born in Moscow in 1932, Tarkovsky is himself an ascetic figure. Tall, lean, with a sinewy face and a lunatic—or messianic—glint in his eyes, he seems more like a prophet of the apocalypse than a film director.

—James Verniere

HM: Is film a pure art form?

AT: The birth of cinema was sinful because it took place in the marketplace. Cinema was born with the purpose of making money. No other discipline of art was born with this purpose. So anyone who makes films must deal with this sinful birth.

HM: Why did you decide to make a film adaptation of Stanislaw Lem's *Solaris*?

AT: It was fascinating material for a film. Though Lem doesn't like filmmakers, he admired my work and gave me permission to make the film, but he was against any departures from his text, so we had our problems.

HM: Is science fiction—both in print and film—popular in the Soviet Union?

AT: Yes, it is. The Strugatsky brothers are very popular, and so are some of your writers: Sheckley, Asimov, Bradbury.

HM: What is the challenge to a filmmaker who tries to adapt a science-fiction novel?

AT: I never had any great longing to do science-fiction films. For me, it doesn't make any difference what the material is about—past, present, or future. I am, however, fascinated by the *idea* of science fiction—by our obsession with what *could* happen. How did this come about? And there is in most science fiction a strong religious element—a going-out from ourselves. Actually, by nature I should not be fond of science fiction at all since it is the child of science and technology, and I do not like the parents. I'm more interested in fantasy.

HM: *Stalker* has been called a political allegory. Is it also a fantasy?

AT: Yes, all of my films are about the same thing. The problem in *Stalker* is that man has become a slave of technology and has left no place for the cultivation of his spiritual self.

HM: Do you have a strong spiritual or religious background?

AT: I grew up in the family of a poet, so you might say it was a family of intellectuals. But my greatest influence was nature. I was brought up close to nature, and it played a role in my spiritual formation. My favorite book is Thoreau's *Walden*.

HM: What do you mean when you say all your films are about the same thing?

AT: The most important theme in my films is the problem of the disharmony between materialism and spiritualism.

HM: Is that one of the themes of *Nostalghia*?

AT: Yes, but it is also about how an artist must make a sacrifice that will give his audience spiritual wealth. An artist doesn't belong to himself. His talent must be given away. It is an enormous responsibility.

HM: Can an artist give himself away to his audience with complete freedom in the Soviet Union?

AT: I have made five films in the Soviet Union, and all of them were the films that I wanted to make. And I know that some of my work has earned the disapproval of the authorities.

HM: How do you know that?

AT: Because I have been told.

HM: Your films are full of recurring imagery: fog, fire, water, mirrors. What do these images mean to you?

AT: As for water, I think I'd like to make a film completely underwater some day, perhaps a film about the Deluge. Water is the blood of the planet. I believe all these images have a universal meaning, but I do not

What, me alienated? Oleg Yankovsky as a disenfranchised Russian poet in Tarkovsky's *Nostalghia*.

Photo © 1983 Grange Communications, Inc.

believe that you can define them. They are the mysteries of our existence.

HM: What kind of films are popular in the USSR?

AT: I think that there is a growing sense in the Soviet Union that film is perhaps the greatest modern art form, and therefore there is a new reverence toward films there.

HM: Would you agree that all art is subversive?

AT: Yes, in the sense that art disturbs what is past, what is out of its time. And it does give birth to the new. So in that sense art is a catalytic force which comes to the artist earlier than it comes to others. But I don't think we should exaggerate this aspect of it.

CONSTANTINOPUS

I'm a storyteller; that's all I am, and that's all I aspire to be. I'm not a pamphleteer and I don't have any axes to grind." Over the one a.m. long-distance phone lines, pseudonymous author **K. C. Constantine**'s voice crackles with nervous urgency. "I have opinions about the law and crime, but I can't stick 'em in a book; otherwise it turns from a work of fiction into a philosophical tract that I should be handing out on the street corner—and that's death in fiction. If you can't keep your opinions under control, you're writing some goddamned sermon, and who the hell wants that?"

K. C. Constantine is some kind of storyteller. In six quintessentially American "detective novels" (for lack of a better phrase) written over more than a decade, he has drawn a vivid picture of Rocksburg—a Pennsylvania coal town on the skids since the last mines were sealed in 1960—and of the town's even-handed, long-suffering police chief, Mario Balzic. Four novels published with Saturday Review Press between 1972 and 1975 attracted little attention and soon fell out of print. But in 1982, David R. Godine Publisher launched its "Double Detective" paperback series by reprinting ***The Rocksburg Railroad Murders*** and ***The Blank Page*** together. Later that year, Godine published his new ***The Man Who Liked Slow Tomatoes***. In 1983, Godine brought forth the new ***Always a Body to Trade***, and another "double detective" reviving ***The Man Who Liked to Look at Himself*** and ***A Fix Like This***.

Yet Constantine has remained anonymous, owing to his belief that people "pose" when they know they're in the presence of a writer. Prior to this, he had given only one other interview, to a freelancer from *Publisher's Weekly* who met him at a Pittsburgh bar. This one was arranged by sending a letter to his agent, who forwarded it to him. Constantine then called me to ask some questions of his own, and took a week to think it over before calling back to be interviewed.

At age forty-nine he lives in a rural, blue-collar Pennsylvania town, not unlike Rocksburg. He's always lived in that area and has worked as a bartender, a teacher at a Catholic girl's college, a cement mixer, a minor league baseball player, and in the mills. He writes when he gets off work at midnight.

A voracious reader since he was four, Constantine began writing as a twenty-year-old Marine captured by both the writings of Eric Hoffer and the fact that Hoffer had never attended school. He himself still smarted from the remark of his freshman English comp professor, who had flunked him twice. "He told me that I didn't know how to make an English sentence. He didn't say I didn't know how to make an *American* English sentence; he told me I didn't know how to make an English sentence."

After the service, he took another crack at academia, including a stint at the Iowa Writers' Workshop. He took several stabs at what he now describes as "serious, important, 'Great American Novel' bullshit; that kind of pretentious

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*AN OWL BOOK, PUBLISHED BY HOLT, RINEHART, AND WINSTON.

fiction," before turning to the detective novel because they looked simple and his agent said they sold.

"I put it in the same category as romance novels," he says today. "But I found it was very difficult. You have the same problems you have in any other kind of fiction. You have to create characters out of thin air, you have to put them in a setting, you have to make them move. For me, the biggest problem was that I didn't know how to get from A to Z. The police story or crime fiction or detective fiction or whatever you wanna call it *forces* you to do that. You *can't* evade it; you can't bullshit yourself into thinking you're gonna 'experiment with time' or something like that."

His stories *are* often exceptional; in *Slow Tomatoes*, we're not even sure a murder has occurred until the end, and everything before that is ambience and character. Constantine's greatest strength is in his characters, and in the way their to-the-point dialogue and social interaction evoke the frail psyche of a struggling town with a volatile ethnic mix of Italians, blacks, and eastern Europeans. The real town center is Muscotti's, a bar frequented by such locals as Iron City Steve, the philosophical drunk with a proud streak; attorney to Mo Valcanas, who never lets his work get in the way of his drinking or his drinking in the way of his work; and Balzic himself, who (like Constantine, apparently) has been known to get bombed on the job, often with hysterical consequences.

Balzic reflects Constantine's belief that "Justice works differently with every cop who walks." He's a sports fan who

Constantine: "If you can't keep your opinions under control, you're writing some goddamned sermon, and who the hell wants that?"

looks away from gambling but comes down hard on other "victimless crimes" like drugs and prostitution. He carries no gun. ("I chose the name Balzic because I wanted somebody who has balls but didn't carry a gun. That combination intrigued me as an intellectual idea.") He's a family man and worried parent who lives with his mother, his bantering wife, and his two daughters. ("I wanted to show a guy influenced more by women than by men; women have a way of bringing men to earth.") Balzic cuts through superficialities to get to the heart of a case like a hot knife cutting through butter; he has infinite patience for the townspeople, their personal peccadillos as well as their rivalries, but is hard-nosed when it comes to dealing with politicians, whose meddling and whose simplistic answers to difficult questions make his job increasingly more impossible.

In *Always a Body to Trade*, his nemesis is the buffoon-of-a-new-mayor Kenny Strohn, who wants to enroll cops in physical fitness programs, and who is shocked to find that his chief uses such tools as plea-bargaining or informants to crack cases. Rocksburg is a much different town today—Muscotti's is overrun by slobbering college kids, for Chrissakes!—and the case at hand involves hard drugs, corrupt narcs, female criminals, and collaboration with the ghetto-hustling "preacher" who rules the black underworld. In the end, virtually everybody betrays everybody else, but justice is somehow served anyhow. As a deputy U.S. Attorney rages to Strohn, "For God's sake, man, what do you think the law is all about? It's trade, it's bargain, it's compromise, it's negotiate, it's deal, deal!"

Constantine has three more Balzic stories in mind before turning to something else. He's not sure what that might be, but he doesn't worry like he used to. "I think that when you sit down to write something called literature, you're in trouble. I think if

Constantine: "I think that when you sit down to write something called literature, you're in trouble."

you sit down to write a story, you got a shot at making literature. I think making a story is hard enough all by itself, and if you're gonna create characters that are not made out of ink, that can breathe, they talk, they bleed, they move . . . if you say you're gonna do that and you don't let yourself write bullshit, then I don't think it really matters what the hell other people call it." Mario Balzic might say something similar about his own work.

—John Morthland

"SHOE" IS MACNELLY'S LONG-RUNNING VENTURE INTO THE DAILY STRIP ARENA. THE VISUAL STYLE IS LIKE A TURNED-ON WALT KELLY, AND THE HUMOR OFTEN PRESENTS THE SAME ASSAULT QUALITY THAT MADE HIS POLITICAL CARTOONS SO SUCCESSFUL. OCCASIONALLY, THE STRIP LULLS INTO TRADITIONAL DAILY STRIP SUBJECTS, BUT IT'S AT ITS BEST WHEN POKING PINS IN THE PRETENTIOUS BALLOONS OF MODERN SOCIETY.
WELL, LOU...ARE YOU GOING TO RUN IT?
I WAS GOING TO RUN IT IN THE "NOT FOR CRETINS ONLY" SECTION, BUT, AFTER LISTENING TO YOU, I'VE DECIDED THAT WHAT YOU'VE CREATED DESERVES ITS OWN SPECIAL PLACE.
WOW! THAT'S REALLY GREAT, LOU!
NO PROBLEM. JUST LET ME TAKE CARE OF IT... HELLO, JULIE? YEAH, SEND OVER A DUMPSTER, WILL YOU?
©DOUG BEERMAN 1984

Joe Kubert tests out a new style of 3-D glasses.
Photo courtesy DC Comics, Inc.

MOE, LARRY, AND JOE

To anyone old enough to buy a comic book in February of 1961, the name **Joe Kubert** summons up one of the most vivid images then to be found on the racks. Picture a winged man in flight, swinging a nasty-looking mace at an enormous dragon who happens to be holding up traffic in a rush-hour clogged Holland Tunnel. Maces? Winged men? Dragons? That could only be the cover of *The Brave and Bold* #34, containing the first appearance of the new **Hawkman**. (The old one did his business back in the Golden-Age pages of *All-Star* and *Flash* comics.) Written by Gardner Fox and drawn by an inspired Joe Kubert, the Hawkman stories published by DC in the early sixties were among that time's few glories. Most comics in those dim days (between the death of EC and the birth of Steve Ditko's Spider-man) were about as good as the popular music you heard on the radio—which is to say, awful enough to make you want to fall on your sword. But Kubert kept us going, and the six Hawkman issues he and Fox created can still be enjoyed today—unlike 95% of everything else you remember nostalgically.

Kubert had been turning out quality work since the mid-forties, when he drew the "Hawkman" and "Vigilante" features for DC. In the fifties, he was a true innovator, self-producing such fine work as St. John's *Tor* series, stories for EC (especially Kurtzman's *Frontline Combat*), and DC's "The Viking Prince" in *The Brave and Bold*. Then came ***Sgt. Rock and Easy Company***, a WWII-is-hell feature that, alas, would occupy Kubert—except for brief epiphanies like "Hawkman"—for the best part of the next twenty years.

The return of Joe Kubert to a regular feature—DC's limited-run series ***The Redeemer***, scheduled for twelve issues beginning this spring—is news his fans from decades past will welcome wholeheartedly. The strip spans a dozen different centuries and settings, giving Kubert the opportunity to show his stuff on dinosaurs, rocket ships, Indians, Vikings, soldiers, and every other comic book genre we so fondly associate with him. And the metaphysical underpinnings motivating the hero's quest promise to give *The Redeemer* a dimension that even Kubert's best early work lacked. The hope, of course, is that *The Redeemer* will also captivate that new generation of comic fans, to whom the name of Joe Kubert is shrouded in antiquity. Maybe then Kubert will become convinced that he is needed not only as the guiding force behind his School of Comic Art (Dover, New Jersey), but also as a regular contributor to today's marketplace. There are those of us who would happily trade an entire wall of new comics for one more tale that mixes together aliens, crossbows, and a husband-wife team of interplanetary cops.

—Mike Barson

HM: Joe, we've heard tales of you working for Will Eisner back in 1941. That seems impossible; you're only in your fifties today.

JK: True on both counts. I was still in Junior High when I began working for Will's shop in Tudor City. So, yes, I was twelve-years-old. My duties involved sweeping up the offices and doing a bit of clean-up on the art-work—erasing and whiting-out errors, that sort of thing.

HM: How'd you have the nerve at twelve to ask Will Eisner for a job?

JK: I guess I just wasn't smart enough to be scared. It was a lot of fun, and I learned a great deal from Will and the guys he had working there—Bob Powell, Chuck Cuidera . . . . In fact, I was once "cleaning" one of Chuck's "Blackhawk" covers, and decided to embellish a rope that he had Blackhawk climbing on. Well, the next day Chuck saw what I'd done and hit the ceiling! "Kid, we pay you to clean, not to draw!" Twelve-and-a-half bucks a week was what I was getting. Good money for those days.

HM: Everyone remembers the great "Hawkman" stories you did for DC—both in the forties and in the sixties—but not many people are aware that you were the creator of the first 3-D comics.

JK: Co-creator. Yes, Norman Mauer and I did a whole bunch of them for Archer St. John in the early fifties. What happened is this: I was in the Army after the war, stationed in Germany, and I came across some German magazines that had the 3-D effect, along with those red and green glasses. I thought, "Hmmm, this is interesting."

Shortly thereafter I was back in the States, in partnership with Norman Mauer, to whom I've been close since our Junior High days. We were trying to interest Archer St. John in a new kind of comic that we could produce for him. When St. John saw the 3-D process, he flipped. He gave us a bunch of "Mighty Mouse" stories that had been drawn the regular way, and asked us to turn them into a 3-D book.

Well, for three days and three nights Norman, his brother Lenny, and I worked non-stop on the book. And the minute we were finished, St. John sent us on a flight to Washington, D.C. with the artwork, so that we could patent the 3-D process and then lease it to the other comic book houses.

HM: Joe Kubert, Secret Agent.

JK: It was top secret, all right. But have you ever tried to function without having slept for three days? Anyway, our patent attorney told us, sure, we could patent it. Only, he hadn't checked quite closely enough; it turned out that, years earlier, an application had been filed. So then everyone and his brother started turning out 3-D comics.

HM: I take it they sold quite well to stir up all that activity.

JK: We did fantastically well with the *Mighty Mouse* book—we sold something like 99% of our print run, over a million copies—and *Tor* and *Whack* also did well. But once everybody jumped into the pond, it was all over. EC, DC, they all took a beating.

HM: Wasn't there a *Three Stooges* 3-D book you produced?

JK: Yep. Moe Howard was the father-in-law of Norman Mauer—just the nicest guy in the world, was Moe—and Norman signed a contract with him so that we could turn out this book. Sad thing about the Stooges, you know, was that they never saw a dime from any of those television reruns that have been on Saturday mornings all these years. All the money went to Columbia Pictures.

HM: It *is* a sad thing, when artists

An example of Joe Kubert's finely detailed penwork, from *The Redeemer*.

Art © 1984 DC Comics, Inc.

don't get to share in the royalties that their work has generated. I know it's been that way with comic books until just recently.

JK: There *have* been a lot of changes in the business over the past four or five years, most of them for the better. Drawing for comics is a more viable way of making a living today than at anytime in the past, thanks to factors like direct sales, merchandising, profit sharing, and so forth. In fact, that's one reason why my school has seen enrollments increase each year; people can see careers in the comic book business that perhaps weren't as attractive ten or twenty years ago.

HM: You have, what, about two hundred students now enrolled?

JK: Yes, compared to the thirty we started out with seven years ago. We've expanded so fast that we just bought an old high school in Dover that we'll be moving to sometime this year.

HM: The school is the reason we haven't seen your work on a regular basis in comics for almost ten years now. Do you miss that sense of keeping your hand in?

JK: Do I ever! Drawing always has been my first love, and it always will be. When I started the school, I never intended to stay away as long as I have. Although, in one sense, I've never been away at all, since I've done hundreds of covers for DC over the past several years. But I know what you mean: There's no substitute for doing an entire book, month in and month out.

HM: Which is why, I suppose, you came up with *The Redeemer*. But what happens when the twelve issue run is over?

JK: First of all, we're not absolutely locked into that twelve issue framework; that's just the way I conceived it. But *The Redeemer* is just my first step in my return to full activity. I've been talking to publishers in Europe, and I have nine years' worth of projects simmering in my head, so people will be seeing plenty of my work in the coming months and years.

HM: It almost sounds as though *The Redeemer* was designed as a showcase to remind the world just what Joe Kubert can do.

JK: Exactly. It moves across all the genres that I've ever worked in—science fiction, the American West, prehistoric cavemen days—so by the end of the story I'll have covered an awful lot of territory. Also, this is the first time I've been able to work with Baxter paper, which helps good work look better. It gives me so much latitude—I'm really looking forward to the next year!

NOT-SO-BAD FANTASY BOOKS

LAST December, as you surely remember, I trashed Marion Zimmer Bradley's Camelot follies, *The Mists of Avalon*. This month, I'm proud to present the Not-As-Bad-As-MZB Award. And the winner is: ***In Winter's Shadow*** by **Gillian Bradshaw** (NAL/Signet), for having some idea of how grownups think and talk, and for presenting as narrator a Guinevere who understands politics. This is the final volume of Bradshaw's Arthurian trilogy, and a good place to stop since the first book, *Hawk of May*, showed the author fresher and more in control of her material. Signet gets the Frank-Perdue-Rotten-Packaging Award for an unbelievably ugly cover—the trilogy's original hardcover jackets were gorgeous, and you can probably still buy them as cheap remainders.

The runner-up for the NABAMZB Award is ***The Tree of Swords and Jewels***, to which DAW has given a lovely cover, though five whole lines of gold lamé stamping are a bit too-too. **C.J. Cherryh** creates a nice Celt-oid fantasy environment, but the book doesn't quite succeed. Although it's written at novel length, and with a novelist's perspectives and sensibilities, the characters just aren't real people. It's hard to get really worked up about the destruction of a household full of doomed constructs.

This is, in fact, the problem with most modern fantasy. Great classic fantasy stems from a pre-novelistic literary tradition in which the created world, its cosmology and action are themselves sufficiently grand to shove the characterization into second place. Without that greatness, however, we only get novels about magic and fighting, in which the characters' lack of real motivation is painfully felt. **Evangeline Walton**'s ***The Sword Is Forged*** (Timescape) fails in this way. While Walton does win a Special Mention for having a Mother Goddess whose worshippers don't make one gag with incredulity, her story of the doomed love between the ancient Greek hero Theseus and the Amazon Queen Antiope lacks the weight of great tragedy and the emotional depth of a memorable novel.

Thank goodness for **Joanna Russ** and ***The Adventures of Alyx*** (Timescape): Alyx the thief, picklock, and husband-slayer of ancient Greece, later founder of the Great Transtemporal Military Authority. Alyx has strength of character *and* exciting, thought-provoking adventures. You bet I want it all, and Russ has got it.

Marion Zimmer Bradley takes the oath.
Photo by Modern Art Studios

And of course, the loser of the Not-As-Bad-As-MZB Award is **Thendara House** (DAW), by the She-Woolf of the Jung'n'freud herself, **Marion Zimmer Bradley**. The cover says it all: "The new Darkover masterwork." We were all fourteen-year-olds once. We all thought emotional crises were what it was all about, and that if people would only listen to us we'd have the world's problems fixed up in a jiffy. Go for it. Bradley's far-future Terran society sounds just like 1950s USA. Of course her Terrans look bad next to the Free Amazons—they look bad next to the 1980s, too. These people never heard of Pat Benatar. They still haven't invented MTV! And you can spot the male villain a mile off: he's the one in the gray flannel suit, who thinks his job is more important than relating to his wife. But remember, there are no bad women, just misguided . . .

There have been some good books published in the last few months, and some may even have been fantasy. Too bad my editor never gets sent any for review. Or maybe he just hates me. Why else would he have made me read ***Escape Velocity*** by **Christopher Stasheff** (Ace)? Reaching back to the early days of Stasheff's popular *Warlock* series, this new book may be called fantasy only because—the publisher's category label notwithstanding—it fails so dismally as sf. The plot rides on future Earth's evil bureaucracy being undermined by a group of libertarian medievalists who think puns are the highest form of humor. Swiftian satire it ain't. Rich with all the natural goodness of a Hostess Twinkie, this book will capture the hearts of teenagers and others with skin trouble and boundless political naiveté.

Necromancer Nine (Ace), **Sheri Tepper**'s sequel to *King's Blood Four*, continues an original and entertaining series with panache. **Darrell Schweitzer**'s ***The Shattered Goddess*** (Starblaze) would be better if the author could find a consistent voice to write in, but not much. The story of a young prince who battles his own dark side incarnate, and finally apotheosizes, is all device, no substance, with too many nameless horrors lovingly named. It earns points for a girl sidekick who is as real as the hero—but is that saying much? Although his distant castles tend to look like piles of seagull-droppings, Stephen Fabian's interior illustrations are otherwise very good—more readable, in places, than the prose.

From 1974-1979, **Tom Reamy** wrote some of the best short fiction in the field. The posthumous collection of his work, ***San Diego Lightfoot Sue and Other Stories*** (Ace), includes all his best, as well as some tiresome and inadequate material that bulks out the volume. David Heffernan's striking cover painting compensates for the bad stuff, making the book worth having. It's also notable that this is almost the only book I've seen whose page count—305—exceeds the price of the book in pennies—$2.95. That is, unlike most paperbacks these days, it doesn't cost over a penny a page. But then, maybe I'm just getting old and cranky.

—Ellen Kushner

THE METAL BOX

For those of you into ordered arrangements of discrete information packets, I present my list of Memorable Musical Moments of 1983.

Vinyl

Singles: The Smiths, "Hand in Glove" and "This Charming Man" (UK Rough Trade); Kraftwerk, "Tour de France" (French EMI); Duet Emmo, "Or So It Seems" (UK Mute); Cabaret Voltaire, "Crackdown"/"Just Fascination" (UK Some Bizzare), and "Yashar (remix)" (Factory); The Cure, "The Love Cats" (UK Fiction); SPK (as SepPuKu), "Another Dark Age" (UK Side Effekts); Tears for Fears, "Change" (Mercury); Eurythmics, "Sweet Dreams" (RCA); Alan Vega, "Saturn Drive" (Elektra); Shriekback, "All Lined Up" (Y/Warner Bros.); Yello, "I Love You" (Elektra); Peter Godwin, "Images of Heaven" (Polydor); Heaven 17, "Crushed by the Wheels of Industry" (Arista); Yazoo, "Nobody's Diary" (Sire); Parachute Club, "Rise Up" (Current/RCA); New Order, "Blue Monday" (Factory); Pete Shelley, "Telephone Operator" (Arista); Thomas Dolby, "She Blinded Me with Science" (Harvest); Michael Jackson, "Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'" (Epic); George Clinton, "Atomic Dog" (Capitol).

Albums: Yello, *You Gotta Say Yes to Another Excess* (Elektra); Klause Schulze, *Audentity* (German Innovative Communications); XTC, *Mummer* (UK Virgin); Ballistic Kisses, *Wet Moment* (UK Don't Fall off the Mountain); John Foxx, *The Golden Section* (UK Metal Beat/Virgin); YMO, *Naughty Boys (Instrumental)* (Japanese Alfa); Ministry, *With Sympathy* (Arista); The Cure, *The Walk* (Sire); Bill Nelson, *Chimera* (UK Mercury); Eurythmics, *Sweet Dreams Are Made of This* (RCA); *Indoor Life* (Relativity); Chrome, *The Chrome Box* (Siren/Subterranean); Cabaret Voltaire, *The Crackdown* (UK Some Bizzare); Japan, *Oil on Canvas* (UK Virgin); Swans, *Filth* (Neutral); The Residents, *Residue* (Ralph); Regressive Aid, *Effects on Exposed People* (Rhesus); The Birthday Party, *The Bad Seed* EP (UK 4A.D.) and *Mutiny!* EP (UK Mute); David Bowie, *Let's Dance* (EMI America); Jon Hassell, *Magic Realism—Aka/Darbari/Java* (Editions EG); New Order, *Power, Corruption and Lies* (Factory); Dieter von Moebius, *Tonspuren* (German Sky); Sonic Youth, *Confusion Is Sex (Neutral)*; George Clinton, *Computer Games* (Capitol); Craig Leon, *Visiting* (Enigma).

Flesh

King Sunny Ade (Roseland, 3/4), Prince (Radio City Music Hall, 3/21), George Clinton (The Red Parrot, 3/24), Wall of Voodoo (The Ritz, 3/25), Virgin Prunes (Danceteria, 4/1), The Fall (Danceteria, 4/15), Esmerelda (The Pyramid, 5/14), Simple Minds (The Ritz, 5/15), Z'ev (The Kitchen, 5/29), New Order (Paradise Garage, 7/7), David Van Tieghem (Battery Park Landfill, 7/10), Eurythmics (The Ritz, 7/14), The Cure (The Ritz, 8/5), Clock DVA (Danceteria, 9/24), Diamanda Galas (The Anchorage 9/28, Danceteria 10/6, New Music America 10/15), Jon Hassell (New Music America, 10/12), The Immaculate Consumptive: Lydia Lunch, Clint Ruin, Marc Almond, and Nick Cave (Danceteria, 10/28 and 10/31), Stinkfist: Lydia Lunch, Clint Ruin, and Norman Westberg (Danceteria, 11/10), and dozens of gigs by my four favorite NYC sound sources: Swans, Sonic Youth, Ned Sublette, and Indoor Life.

—Lou Stathis

NAHALLYWOOD

This is the story of the little *Android* who thought he could be a human. More importantly, this is the story of a group of young filmmaking mavericks who felt that they could make a low-budget science-fiction flick that wasn't an exercise in exploitation crap.

Finally being released in America after a year and a half on the shelf, ***Android*** is a whimsical little ditty starring Klaus Kinski that came about because, two years ago, Roger Corman found himself with a lot of futuristic sets left over from a tit-and-tendril opus entitled *Forbidden World*.

Don Opper and **James Reigle**, two New World Pictures employees who had dabbled in everything from carpentry to special effects, decided to write a screenplay that could be filmed on the spaceship leftovers. Their premise? Suppose an android wanted to stop being a machine? Could it become a human? They told their idea to Rupert Harvey, a Corman production accountant. He, in turn, approached Mary Ann Fisher, head of production for New World. Fisher thought the project would be an ideal film for fellow N.W. production executive **Aaron Lipstadt** to break into directing with.

And so, the entire team of would-be movie-makers bamboozled Roger Corman into giving them the go-ahead. Don's brother, **Barry Opper**, raised additional money and a deal was struck. The filmmakers would retain foreign rights to the movie and Corman would handle American distribution.

What made *Android* different from most New World space operas was that at no time was a woman sliced, diced, or raped by a foul-looking, nozzle-laden, Cosmic Casanova. By Gad! It was a PG movie!

Basically, *Android* is the bittersweet tale of an android called Max 404 (Don Opper), who, in the year 2036, lives on a scientific space station with his creator, Dr. Daniel (Kinski). Androids, these days, are outlawed on Earth; but that doesn't dampen the monomaniacal zeal of Daniel in his attempt to prove the true worth of androids by creating the perfect female simulacrum, Cassandra (Kendra Kirchner).

***Android* director Aaron Lipstadt zombies out.**

All is proceeding as planned until three cons on the intergalactic lam, Keller (Nobert Weiser), Mendez (Crofton Hardester), and Maggie (Brie Howard) crash-land at the station and, posing as law-abiding civilians, gain Daniel's trust (sorta).

Daniel sees Maggie as the much needed component for his final android experiment. Max sees Maggie as his first true love. Mendez, meanwhile, sees in Max a walking, talking, ultra-smart goldmine; a treasure just waiting to be kidnapped.

The plot thickens as Max goes through the nuts and bolts equivalent of the puberty blues. Romance, murder, and slapstick comedy all find their way into the storyline, somehow, before the film's quirky denouement.

Lipstadt scored a box office coup by acquiring the services of Kinski, who agreed to do the little movie because he liked the script. He also thought it would please his five-year-old son to see dad in a futuristic fairy tale.

The movie was shot in twenty days for well less than a million dollars, and by the fall of 1982, it was completed and ready to be released. A sneak preview was held in Los Angeles and a college audience responded well to the film's deft blend of adventure, naivete, and almost Chaplinesque humor.

At that point, *Android*'s problems began. Recounts the film's associate executive producer, Barry Opper: "New World ordered 130 prints of the movie with the intention of releasing it across the country. Roger Corman hadn't been to the sneak preview, however, and wanted to test it further. We knew the picture would do well if people went to see it, but we didn't exactly know how to promote it.

"We felt that *Android*'s key ingredients were its charm, its innocence, and the character of Max. We never intended the film to be marketed as a science-fiction picture. We knew we couldn't compete with the *Star Wars* crowd. We also didn't feel that the movie should be advertised as a sex-and-violence/special-effects movie. We wanted to stress *Android*'s off-beat nature."

New World arranged for two more sneaks . . . in Tucson and Las Vegas ("Las Vegas is not my idea of a youth-oriented town," quips Opper.) and the results were not so hot. A third, highly unpublicized sneak in Spokane, Washington also didn't fare too well. New World decided to try to spice up the picture by retitling it and coming up with an exploitation ad campaign.

The *Android* team was shaken. Their faith was renewed, however, when, attending a film buyer's convention in Milan, they found that foreign distributors *loved* the futuristic fable. "We came back in the black from Milan," says Opper. "At that point, we figured that we weren't crazy. We had a good movie on our hands but we were afraid that nobody in America would get a chance to see it."

The Opper brothers, Lipstadt, and Harvey banded together and started SHO Films, Ltd. Their aim? "To work in familiar genres but come up with new twists." Their first offering? *Android*.

"We bought the rights back from Corman," Opper says. "We then began shopping it around to the major studios. That was frustrating. None of them disliked the movie. They all found it charming; but most of them wondered if it was too *odd* for them to market. We didn't get any quick 'no's'. Instead, we got these long, drawn out conversations. Either that, or we got a few 'yes's' from companies who wanted to open big with 1,000 prints, market it as action-adventure, make their money, and walk away. We felt that the movie had more lasting power. That it was special."

Buoying their faith was *Android*'s successful release in England. It became an instant cult hit and has been playing, continuously, for over twelve months to date.

Just when things were getting discouraging in America, a movie called *Koyannisquatsi* was released by Island Alive, a new distributing outfit. The movie, an off-beat array of sights and sounds, was meticulously marketed by Island and proved a word-of-mouth hit. The director, a friend of Barry Opper's, told the *Android* team to approach Island Alive. A deal was struck and now, in 1984, *Android* will finally be seen as it was intended.

"We're a little behind schedule in our plan to conquer Hollywood," laughs Barry Opper, "but we're getting there."

Don Opper checks Klaus Kinski for swollen glands. Nurse Kendra Kirchner looks on with interest.

Photo by M.J. Elliot

While negotiations were still going on concerning *Android*'s delayed debut, SHO Films launched their second sf project, ***City Limits***, a futuristic flick starring James Earl Jones, Rae Dawn Chong, John Stockwell, and Robbie Benson.

"We figured that our first in-house production should be something *different*," Opper understates. "We began talking about doing something that captured a *Three Musketeers/Robin Hood* feel. Aaron came up with an idea about a youth gang called the Clippers who try to hold their civilization together after a plague has destroyed most of the adults.

"Don wrote the script. The movie is sort of a *Road Warrior*-type adventure but it's not a doom-laden, apocalyptic tale. It's a story filled with hope. A story that says if society falls and kids take over, they may make some mistakes—but they might wind up doing a lot better than the adults did at running the world.

"Actually, *Android* helped us launch this movie. We showed the actors the great reviews and the press we had gotten with *Android* before we showed them the *City Limits* script. They all appreciated what we were trying to do. I mean, James Earl Jones just loved it. He plays a mentor, a teacher—sort of a combination of Buckminster Fuller and Michaelangelo. He's a role model for the kids. He knew this wasn't a big-budgeted film but he saw a good role."

The folks at SHO plan to have *Android* in release during the spring and *City Limits* out later in the year. After that? "We have a new-wave-music-detective story called *Slam Dance* that we want to start filming in May or June. Don's written the script and it's great. It's also a bit odd."

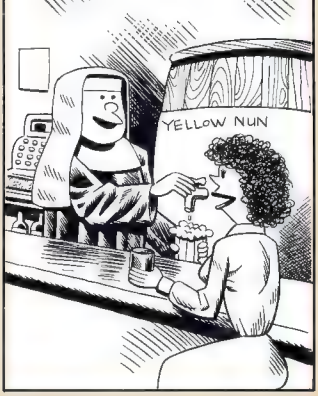
That goes without saying, doesn't it? "Well," Opper admits. "We don't want to do films that are guaranteed to be commercially successful. We don't want to remake last year's hits. What we would like to do is to take familiar themes and approach them in fresh ways. *Android*, for instance, is basically a *Frankenstein* story, but with a novel twist. The 'monster,' the android, winds up becoming more human than any of the real human beings in the story.

"*City Limits* takes a *Road Warrior* environment and twists it into a positive, affirmative portrait of the decency of young people. It shows that kids—if deprived of all adult authority—wouldn't necessarily revert to being animals. We're trying to stick new ideas into old situations."

If SHO Films is successful in their guerilla approach to Hollywood entertainment, they will owe it all to a gawky, bald, almost slapstick android named Max 404; a fellow who loses his heart and some major circuitry to the first human lass he encounters.

Max's sacrifice, however, will not be in vain. Should Island Alive strike the same sort of box office gold with *Android* as it did with *Koyannisquatsi*, Dr. Daniel's creation may prove the low-buget film world's answer to C3PO. "We have plans for Max in the future," says Opper. "A *lot* of plans."

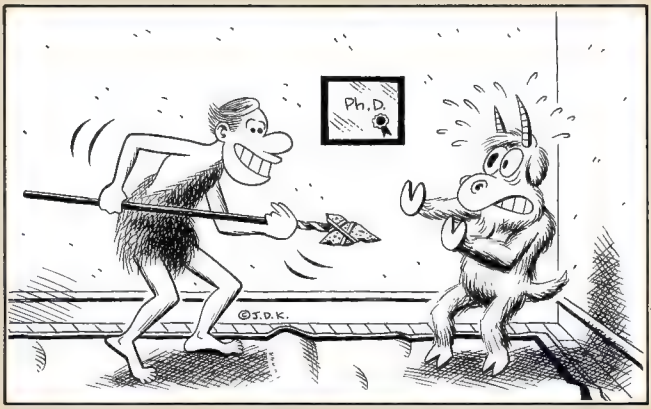
CRYPTICA



Holy Water • Medical science has ways of making you conceive; if they can't coax a baby out of you, they'll gross it out. A hitherto infertile housewife in Liverpool, England, recently gave birth to sextuplets with the aid of a fertility drug called Human Chorionic Gonadotrophin (HCG for short). This potent brew is extracted from the urine of menopausal women. Italy is the lucky country blessed with the biggest deposits of this essential raw material—menopausal urine—because it has the highest concentration of nuns. The world's main supplier is the Serono company of Milan, which does the rounds of Italian nunneries collecting this "fossil fuel" in fleets of tanker trucks. If you don't believe in miracles, could be because in the Twentieth Century this is the nearest we get to immaculate conception.

Poached Eggs • As mass-reproduction techniques for animals become more efficient, any wasteful remnant of fun they might get out of life must be expunged. For instance, salmon actually get to breed before being pulled out and smoked. But now the Japanese have found a way to take care of that. Professor Hiroshi Onosato of Hokkaido University has invented a cloning technique to replace standard breeding methods. He gathers the scores of eggs produced by one mother salmon and applies salmon sperm. Since male salmon are inedible for most of their lives, he insures all the hatchlings come out female by exposing them to gamma radiation. Ninety percent of those offspring are identical to their mother, who watches in confusion as replicas of herself swish around the tank. Now all she gets to do is grow. Other Japanese scientists have bred mice in large numbers using Onosato's method, and theoretically the same can be done to any egg-laying animal. Result: there's going to be a lot more salmon and chicken to eat in the world, but they're all going to taste exactly the same. • Won't be long before cloning is teamed with the other marvel of the age, nuclear power. First priority: Penecilium digitatum, a fungus that absorbs uranium dissolved in solution. According to Israeli scientists, this discovery will have significance for "waste water decontamination and metals recovery." Apparently the fungal mass works just as well when dead, so look for mass cloning of the stuff, followed by long-term storage in underground bunkers until nuclear war strikes. The day after scenario: planes dropping a fungal blanket over the Earth to absorb fallout.

Life is a Bola Cherries • You're a moth. It's a nice warm night. No birds around. No lights in the distance beckoning, and sniff, sniff, there's a female about. Chance for some nookie. You gravitate nonchalantly toward the smell and . . . wap! You're all tied up in mid air. The bola spider has struck. A bola is a hurling rope weighted with heavy balls that wrap around the victim, which South American cowboys use like lassos. The spider version is a thin silken thread dangling from one leg and tipped with a glob of glue. The spider flicks it at passing moths lured by the release of fake female moth odor. Once snagged, the moth gets more and more tangled as it struggles. Slowly the thread is reeled in, and soon it's all over but for the chomping. After contact is made the victim cannot escape. The bola spider always gets its moth.



Neanderthal Mien • Some people just prefer living in the past. Take, for example, much-maligned nostalgia buff, Professor Jerry Kazoomann of Washington State University, one of the world's leading experts on Stone Age technology. Here's a guy who was doing his thing stabbing goats to death with stone spears, when college authorities stepped in and started giving him grief. Sure he was annoyed; someone's got to figure out the kill ratios of ancient weapons. Nobody ever said Stone Age life was all party, party, party. Jerry summed up his disgust at the charade he was put through: "This is a typical example of sentimental reasoning . . . . If aerospace engineers can fire chickens at windscreens, why can't I throw flints at goats?" Word is that the Spearchucker's Association, forerunner of the Riflemen's Association, is taking up the case of this controversial man of action.

—Melik Kaylan

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver, satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too.

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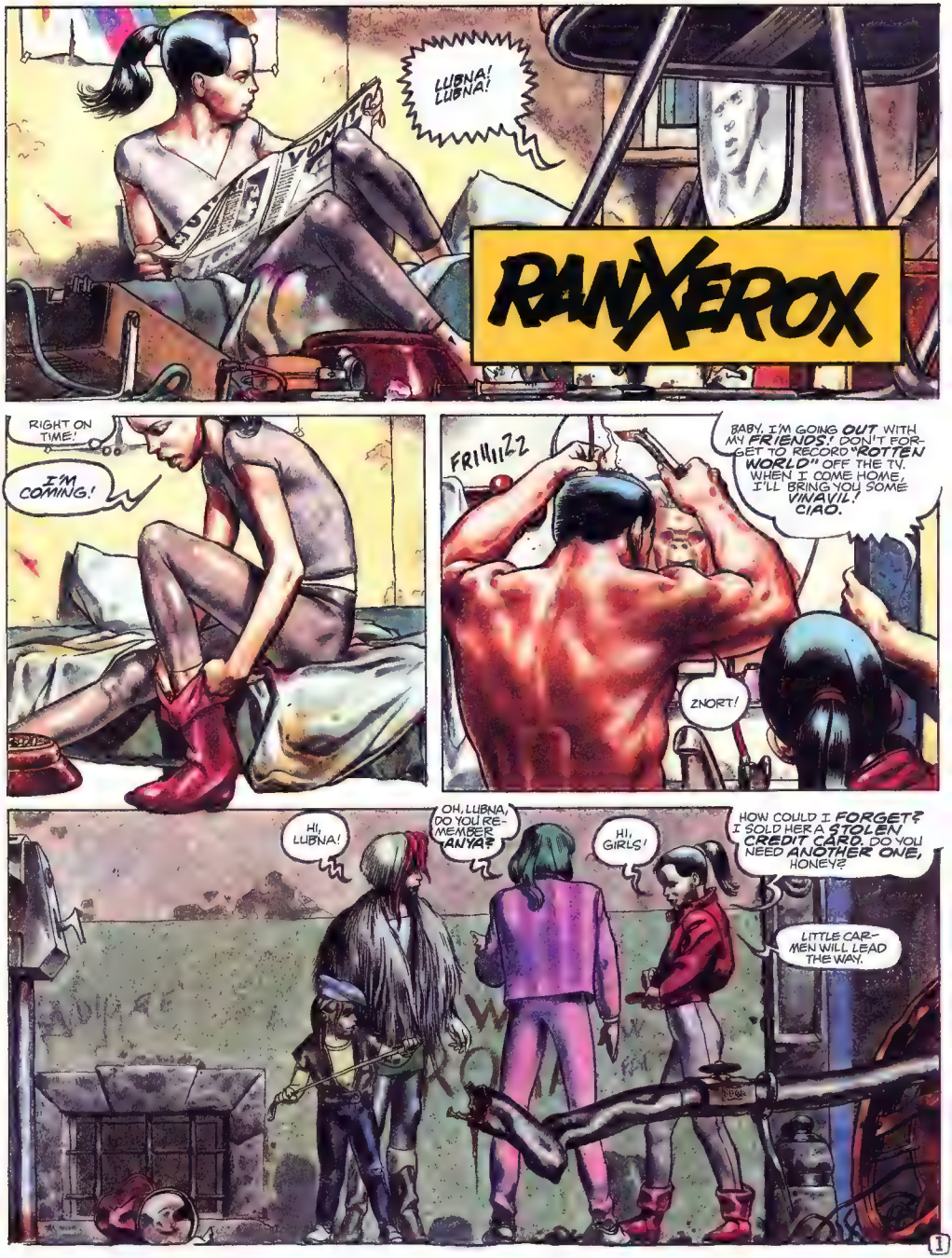
If you don't wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. And you didn't think we were nice guys!


LUBNA! LUBNA!
RANXEROX
RIGHT ON TIME!
I'M COMING!
FRIIIZZ
BABY, I'M GOING OUT WITH MY FRIENDS! DON'T FORGET TO RECORD "ROTTEN WORLD" OFF THE TV. WHEN I COME HOME, I'LL BRING YOU SOME VINAVIL! CIAO.
ZNORT!
HI, LUBNA!
OH, LUBNA, DO YOU REMEMBER ANYA?
HI, GIRLS!
HOW COULD I FORGET? I SOLD HER A STOLEN CREDIT CARD. DO YOU NEED ANOTHER ONE, HONEY?
LITTLE CARMEN WILL LEAD THE WAY.

IT'S 10:30 ON GARIBALDI BRIDGE; AT THAT HOUR, THE ATMOSPHERE IS SO THICK WITH CARBON MONOXIDE THAT YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR CANCER CELLS FESTER AS BRISKLY AS SPERM IN A HORNY MAN'S BALLS.
HEY, WHAT TH' FUCK ARE YOU GAWKING AT?
RANX IS STILL A LITTLE... MECHANIZED WHEN HE KISSES, BUT HE'S MUCH BETTER THAN THE FIRST TIME A YEAR AGO!
I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, SHITHEAD! WHATCHA LOOKIN' AT, HUH?
BUT... OTHER THAN THAT... YOU LIKE RANXEROX?
OF COURSE! I LOVE HIM! IT'S LIKE WHEN MY MOTHER WAS IN LOVE WITH HER FIRST DISHWASHER!

MEANWHILE...
THIS IS REALLY BUGGING ME! THESE TV MOVIES SUCK!
...BUT I MUST MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND HOW BEAUTIFUL AND EROTIC I AM WITH MY LARGE BREASTS. I'M WEARING ONLY BLACK LACE UNDERWEAR, AND JUST LOOK AT MY--
OKAY, GANG!.. WE'RE HERE. THAT'S TH' BUILDING. THE APARTMENT IS ON TH' FIFTH FLOOR!
WOW! SHE TALKS REALLY WELL!
HOW OLD IS SHE?
IF SHE HEARS YOU, YOU'LL SEE HOW WELL SHE FIGHTS, TOO!
DRIIN
THREE AND A HALF! SHE'S SWEET.
3

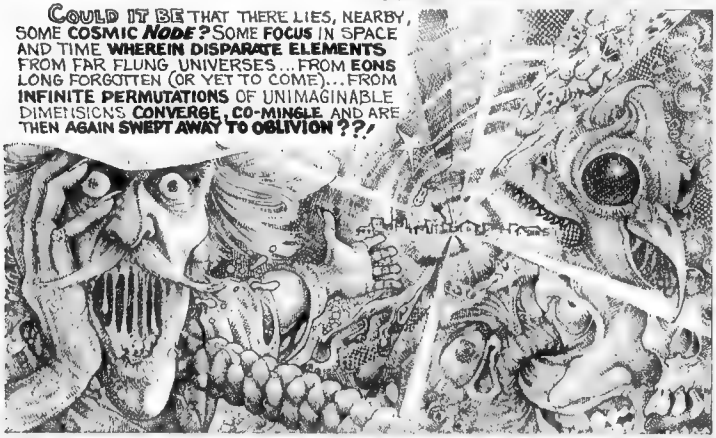
AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE, HM? WHAT DO YOU WANT AT THIS HOUR?
WHO SENT YOU?
POP CORN
I'M CHARLOT'S SISTER. HE SENT ME 'CAUSE WE NEED A FEW THINGS, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? Y'KNOW CHARLOT, DON'TCHA? ARE Y'GONNA LET US IN?
THE SISTER OF "CHARLOT THE ASSASSIN!" EH? SURE, YOU'RE WELCOME HERE. WE'RE JUST FINISHING OUR DINNER... WITH SOME FRIENDS. COME ON IN!
GET A LOAD OF THESE GIRLS!
I'M ROMEO AND THIS IS MY WIFE... AMANDA. THESE ARE OUR FRIENDS RAUL, FAUSTO, ANTONIO, AND CIRO! PLEASE... COME IN!
BUT LET ME WARN YOU... STAY OUT OF THIS ROOM! YOU HEAR ME? ALL YOU CHICKS STAY IN HERE!
OKAY... NOW, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MARTINE AND I WANT THREE GRAMS OF HEROIN. ANYA NEEDS A CREDIT CARD... ONE THAT HASN'T BEEN REPORTED, IF THAT'S POSSIBLE.
AND YOU'D HAVE THE GUTS TO USE IT, WOULD YOU, SWEETIE?
SHUT UP, RAUL.
GO AHEAD, BOYS... GET YOUR DRUGS OUT, AND I MEAN YOUR REAL GOOD STUFF!... NOT THE SHIT THAT'S BEEN STEPPED ON!
AMANDA, GO GET THE SCALES... AND FIVE CREDIT CARDS, MADE OUT TO WOMEN.
THESE KIDS ARE MY GUESTS!
WOW!
SEVEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF HEROIN!... EVERY GRADE, FROM WHITE TO BLACK!
AIAIE!
TRY SOME... BUT GO EASY.

ANYA, AREN'T YOU TRYING ANYTHING?
I DON'T SHOOT UP ANYMORE. BUT I AM THIRSTY!
WHAT ASSHOLES THESE DRUGGIES ARE!
IT'S OKAY, AMANDA. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BABE MYSELF. HOW'S RUM AND COKE SOUND TO YOU, ANGEL?
SINCE THEY'RE ALL GETTING STONED, I CAN GO SEE WHAT'S SO FORBIDDEN ABOUT THIS ROOM.
DON'T GET TOO RIPPED, MARTINE. WHO'LL TAKE YOU HOME?
FUCK YOU! AT LEAST YOU HAVE RANX WAITING FOR YOU IN BED. YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A WHORE!
WHAT DO YOU DO?
I'M A HIGH FASHION MODEL FOR VOGUE!
!!
6

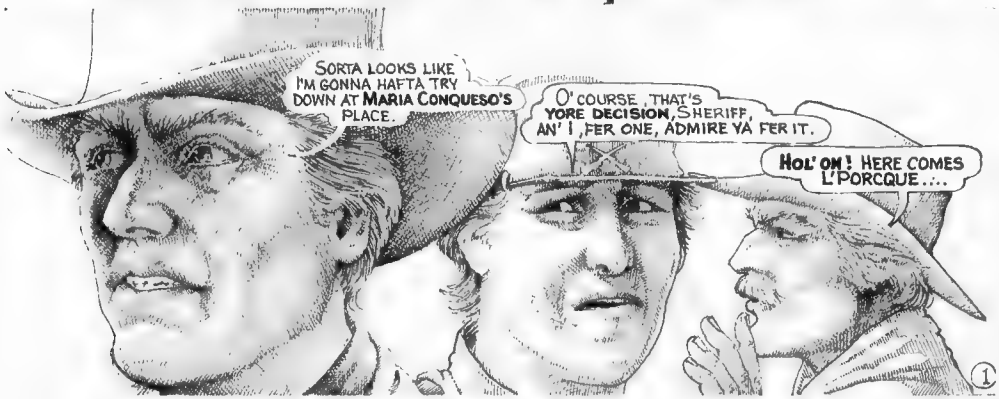
TO BE CONTINUED...

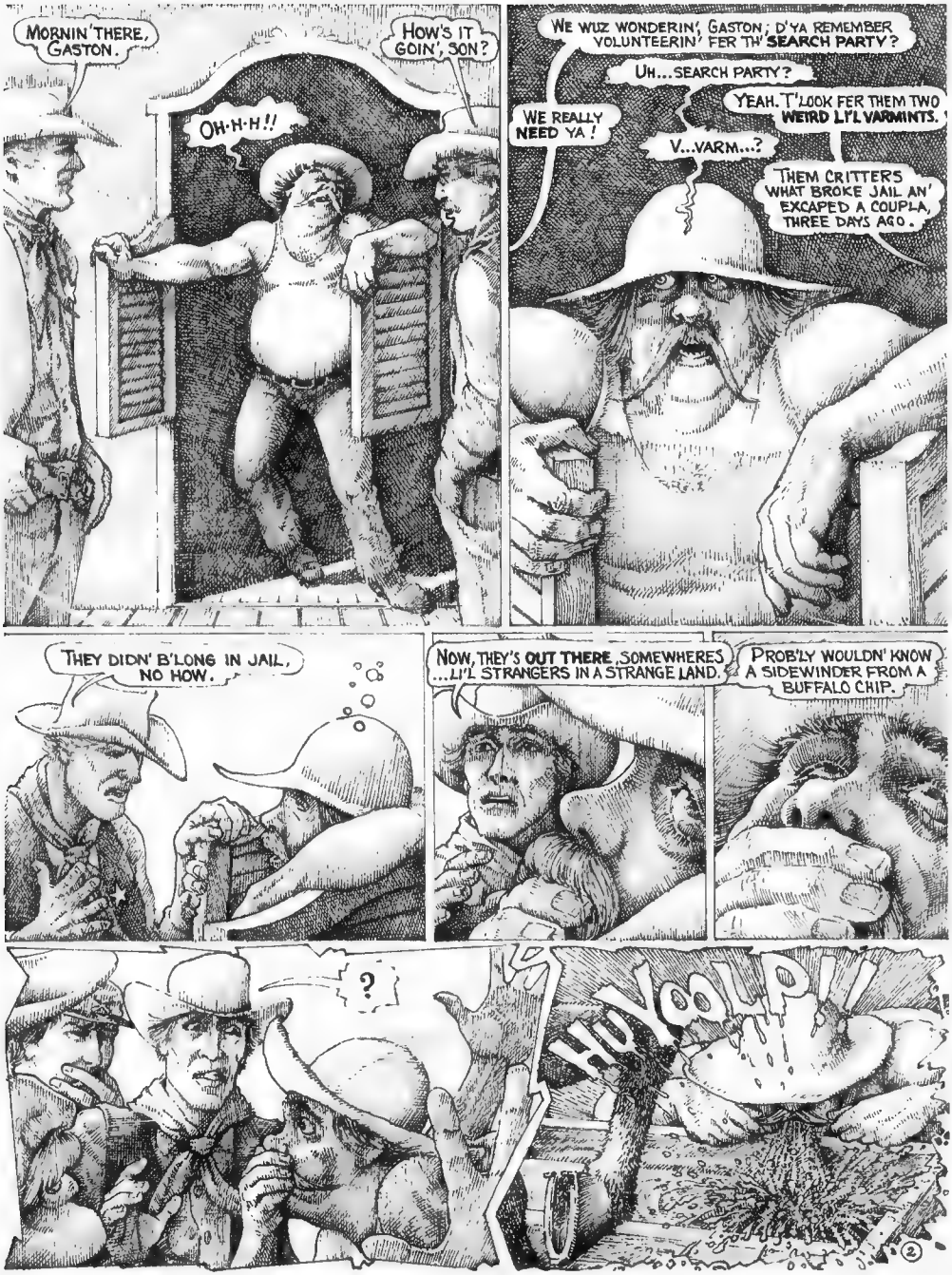
HELLO AND WELCOME, ONCE AGAIN, TO THE TOWN OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS. NESTLED IN AN OBSCURE AND OUT OF THE WAY CORNER OF THE OLD WEST, THIS OTHERWISE NONDESCRIPT COMMUNITY SEEMS DESTINED TO BE CONTINUALLY VISITED BY STRANGE EVENTS AND BIZARRE AGENTS.
OLDE
CLAIM JUMPER

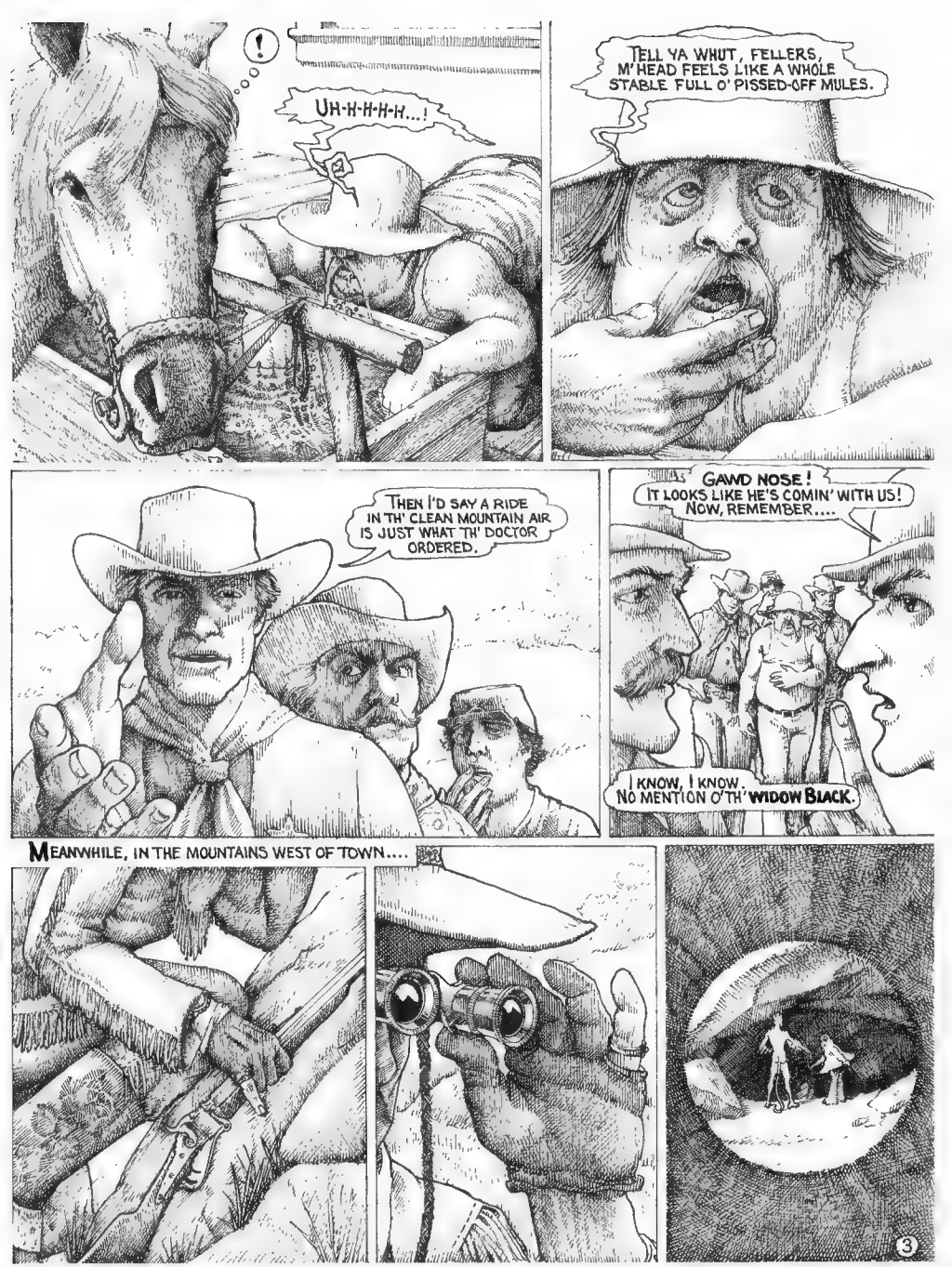

COULD IT BE THAT THERE LIES, NEARBY, SOME COSMIC NODE? SOME FOCUS IN SPACE AND TIME WHEREIN DISPARATE ELEMENTS FROM FAR FLUNG UNIVERSES... FROM EONS LONG FORGOTTEN (OR YET TO COME)... FROM INFINITE PERMUTATIONS OF UNIMAGINABLE DIMENSIONS CONVERGE, CO-MINGLE, AND ARE THEN AGAIN SWEPT AWAY TO OBLIVION??!

TEX★ARCANA

Meets the Toast of Europe Part VII


SORTA LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA HAFTA TRY DOWN AT MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE.
O' COURSE, THAT'S YORE DECISION, SHERIFF, AN' I, FER ONE, ADMIRE YA FER IT.
HOL' ON! HERE COMES L'PORCQUE....

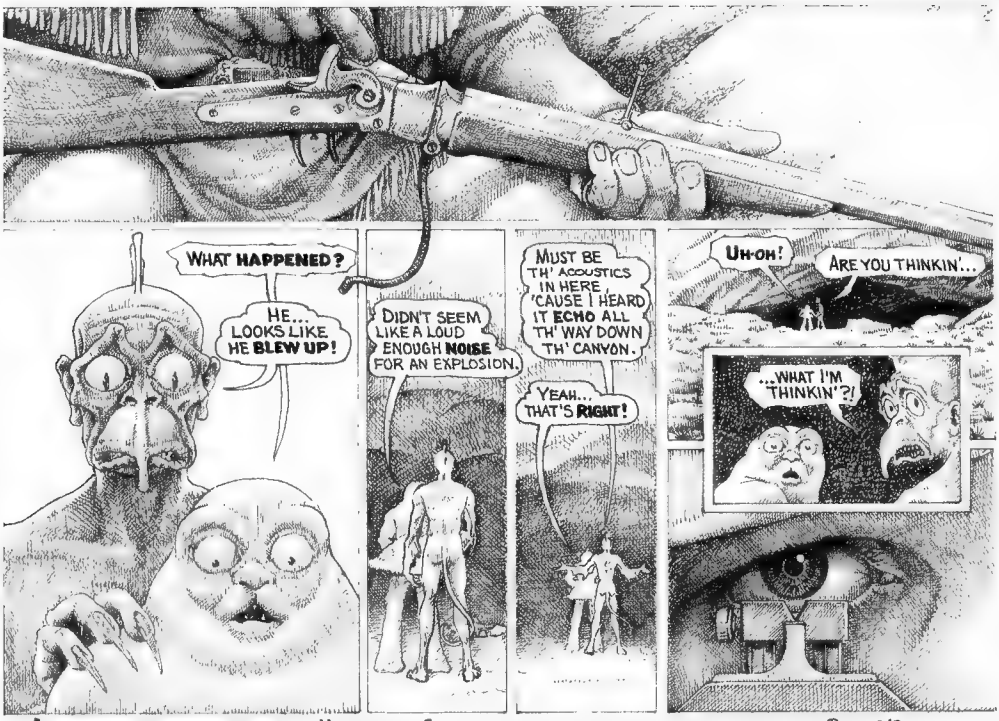

MORNIN' THERE, GASTON.
HOW'S IT GOIN', SON?
OH-H-H!!
WE WUZ WONDERIN', GASTON; D'YA REMEMBER VOLUNTEERIN' FER TH' SEARCH PARTY?
UH...SEARCH PARTY?
YEAH. T'LOOK FER THEM TWO WEIRD LI'L VARMINTS.
WE REALLY NEED YA!
V...VARM...?
THEM CRITTERS WHAT BROKE JAIL AN' EXCAPED A COUPLA, THREE DAYS AGO.
THEY DIDN' B'LONG IN JAIL, NO HOW.
NOW, THEY'S OUT THERE, SOMEWHERES ...LI'L STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND.
PROB'LY WOULDN' KNOW A SIDEWINDER FROM A BUFFALO CHIP.
?
HOYOUP!!
2


!
UH-H-H-H-H...!
TELL YA WHUT, FELLERS, M' HEAD FEELS LIKE A WHOLE STABLE FULL O' PISSED-OFF MULES.
THEN I'D SAY A RIDE IN TH' CLEAN MOUNTAIN AIR IS JUST WHAT TH' DOCTOR ORDERED.
GAWD NOSE! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S COMIN' WITH US! NOW, REMEMBER....
I KNOW, I KNOW. NO MENTION O'TH' WIDOW BLACK.
MEANWHILE, IN THE MOUNTAINS WEST OF TOWN....
3

SWEAZ!
WHAT TH' HELL'RE YA DOIN'?!
LOOKIN' FOR SOME KINDA IDENTIFICATION.
HERE'S SOMETHING.
CLICK!

WHAT IS IT?
IT'S ONE OF THESE!
THE UNITED STATES of AMERICA
ONE OF WHAT?
WELL, LOOK.
AMERICA
YEAH...SO?
WELL...?
SO? WHAT'S IT S'POSED T' TELL US?
YOU MEAN...YOU CAN'T READ IT?
OH, YEAH, RIGHT, MAN.. LIKE, I'M GONNA KNOW HOW T' READ THIS SHIT? C'MON!
5

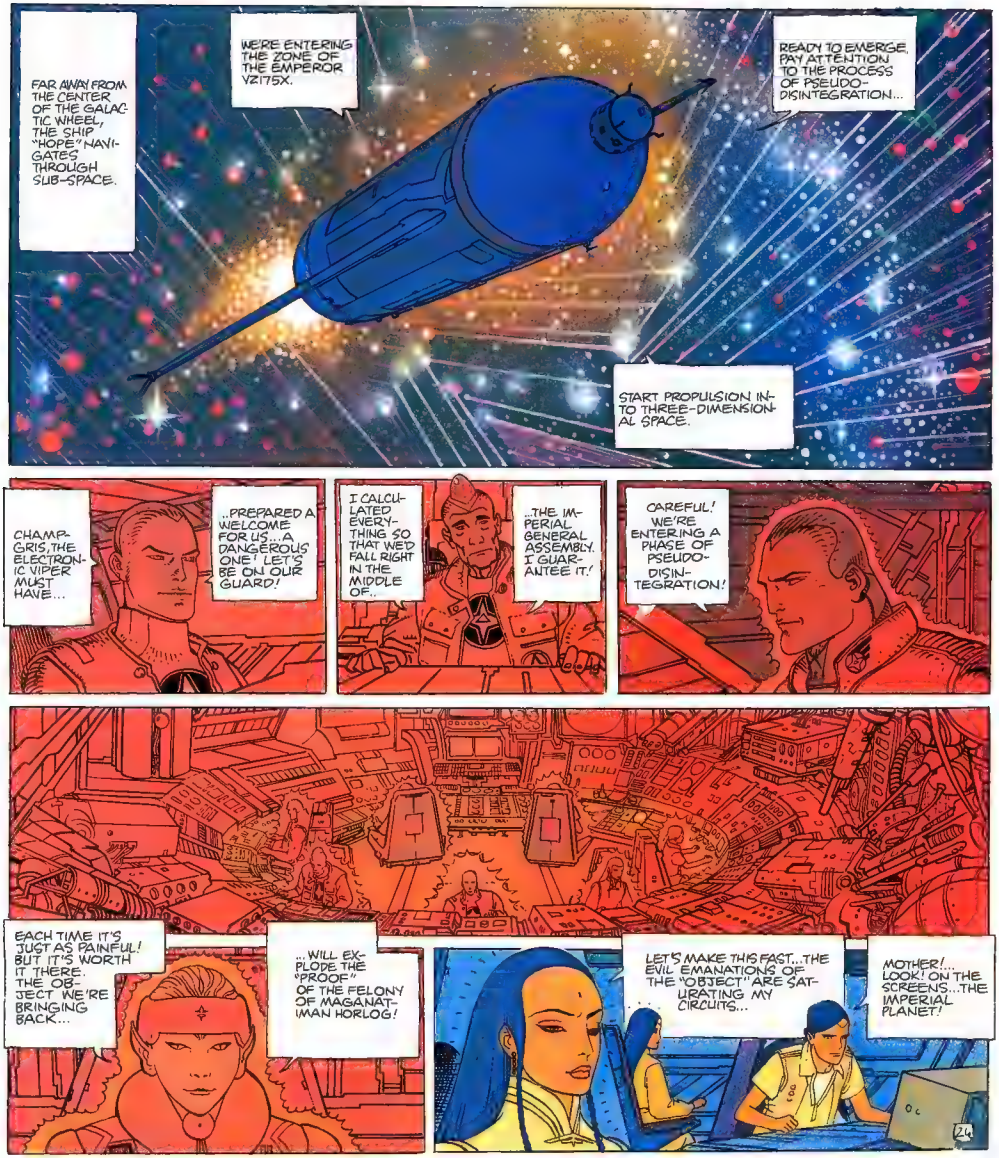
WELL? YOU SPEAK TH' LANGUAGE.
SO D'YOU. YA KNOW?
YEAH, BUT I LEARNED IT FROM YEARS OF LISTENIN' T' DEAD FOLKS WAILIN' IN LIMBO. NEVER SAW ANY WRITING.
AN' I LEARNED IT DURING THAT TIME I WAS ACCIDENTLY LIKE, CONJURED UP, INTO A TWENTIETH CENTURY COMMUNE.
JAMES PEACH WINE
THEY THOUGHT I WAS A HALLUCINATION! AN' WHEN THEY WEREN'T TRIPPIN', THEY THOUGHT I WAS A FLASHBACK.
THEY SHARED EVERYTHING ELSE, BUT THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME TO READ.
K-FLAM!AM AMEN!
OOPS!!
I'LL GET IT.
SLAP
6

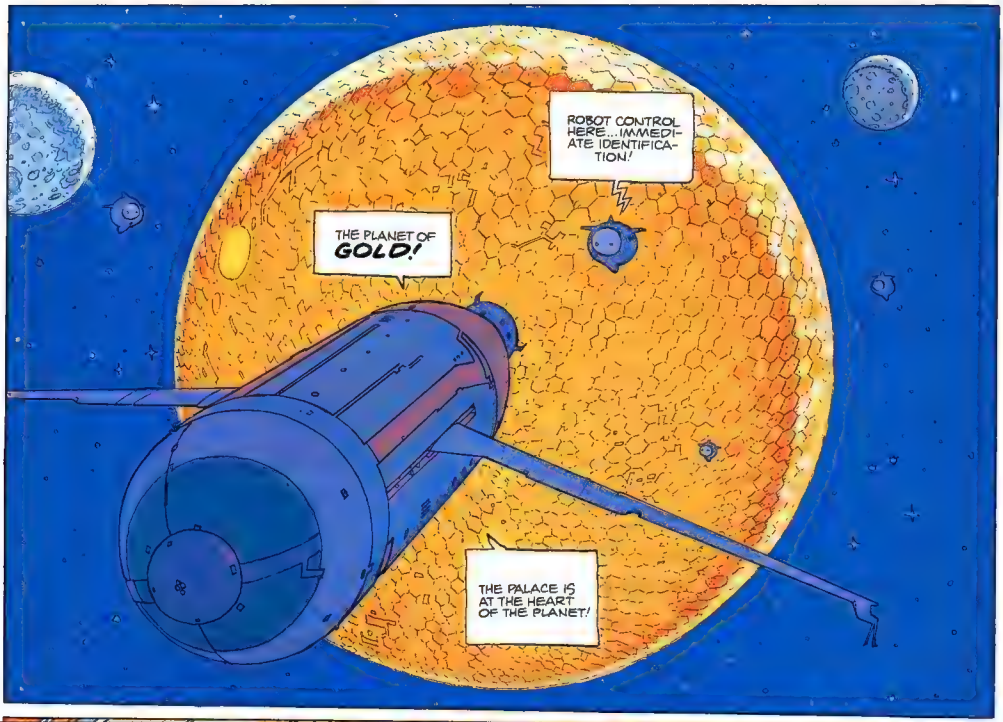

WHAT HAPPENED?
HE... LOOKS LIKE HE BLEW UP!
DIDN'T SEEM LIKE A LOUD ENOUGH NOISE FOR AN EXPLOSION.
MUST BE TH' ACOUSTICS IN HERE, 'CAUSE I HEARD IT ECHO ALL TH' WAY DOWN TH' CANYON.
YEAH... THAT'S RIGHT!
UH-OH!
ARE YOU THINKIN'...
...WHAT I'M THINKIN'?!

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS, IT IS BREAKFAST TIME AT THE WIDOW BURNS'S...

YOU ARE BEING SPARED THAT PLEASURE, MR. GRUDD, BECAUSE, WHILE YOU SLEPT, MILDRED WAS UP LATE INTO THE NIGHT HELPING ME COPE WITH AN EMERGENCY...
...HELP WHICH I GREATLY APPRECIATED.
JUANITA, HOW IS PALOMA SUE?
NO CHANGE, SEÑORA BURNS. JULIO IS WITH HER.
MUSTA MISSED HER "SHUT-EYE". HEH, HEH!
OH, AND SPEAKING OF PALOMA SUE...
AAAAEEE!!!
EEEEAAAGH!!
PALOM'...!
JULIO! WHAT HAPPENED?
SHE JUS' WAKED UP SCREAMEEN' AN', AN' SAYEEN', "NO BLANKEETS, NO CURTAINS, NO CLOTH THEENGS!!!"
TO BE CONTINUED.

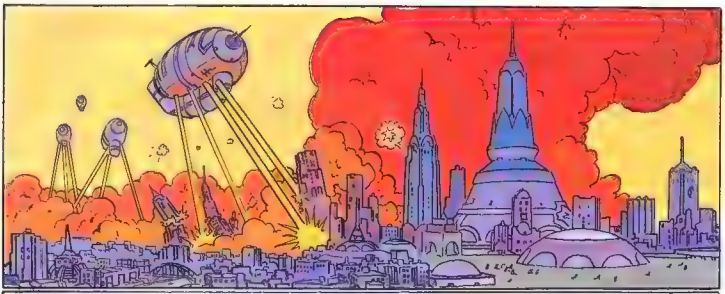
THE THIRD INCAL
PLANET OF GOLD
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL
by Jodorowsky and Moebius


FAR AWAY FROM THE CENTER OF THE GALACTIC WHEEL, THE SHIP "HOPE" NAVIGATES THROUGH SUB-SPACE.
WE'RE ENTERING THE ZONE OF THE EMPEROR VZ175X.
READY TO EMERGE. PAY ATTENTION TO THE PROCESS OF PSEUDO-DISINTEGRATION...
START PROPULSION INTO THREE-DIMENSIONAL SPACE.
CHAMPGRIS, THE ELECTRONIC VIPER MUST HAVE...
...PREPARED A WELCOME FOR US... A DANGEROUS ONE! LET'S BE ON OUR GUARD!
I CALCULATED EVERYTHING SO THAT WE'D FALL RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF...
...THE IMPERIAL GENERAL ASSEMBLY. I GUARANTEE IT!
CAREFUL! WE'RE ENTERING A PHASE OF PSEUDO-DISINTEGRATION!
EACH TIME IT'S JUST AS PAINFUL! BUT IT'S WORTH IT THERE... THE OBJECT WE'RE BRINGING BACK...
...WILL EXPLODE THE "PROOF" OF THE FELONY OF MAGANATIMAN HORLOG!
LET'S MAKE THIS FAST... THE EVIL EMANATIONS OF THE "OBJECT" ARE SATURATING MY CIRCUITS...
MOTHER!... LOOK! ON THE SCREENS... THE IMPERIAL PLANET!


ROBOT CONTROL HERE... IMMEDIATE IDENTIFICATION!
THE PLANET OF GOLD!
THE PALACE IS AT THE HEART OF THE PLANET!

THE STATE OF THE HUMAN EMPIRE!... IMPERIAL COMMUNICATION UNDER STATE OF EMERGENCY 87! TROUBLES AND VIOLENCE ORIGINATING FROM THE TERRAFORMED PLANET TER 21, SECTOR 669 OF THE EXOFRINGE. WE, THE IMPERATRIZ, THE PERFECT ANDROGYNE, HAVE DISCERNED THE ERUPTION OF UNKNOWN POWERS. THE TECHNOS CITY OF TER 21 HAS BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY DESTROYED AND THREE OF THE FOUR EQUATORIAL CITIES WERE LEFT AS PREY TO THE RIOTING OF THE SECOND CLASS.
THE PRESIDENT OF TER 21 MUST HAVE HAD RECOURSE TO THE ULTIMATE CLONAGE IN NECRO-SOUND... BUT THE WORST IS THAT THE TRANSMISSION OF ALL THE EVENTS OF THE RIOTS HAS BEEN INEXPLICABLY CONNECTED TO THE 3-D TV NETWORK WHICH COVERS THE 22,000 MAJOR PLANETS OF THE EMPIRE. THIS WILL, BY CONTAMINATION, PROVOKE A CATASTROPHIC BLAZE OF CITY RIOTS FROM THE FIFTH TO THE SECOND CLASS.
25

BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, THE BERG EMPIRE HAS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THIS CHAOS TO ATTACK OUR GALAXY. THE BERG IMPERIAL FAMILY ITSELF DIRECTS AN ENORMOUS FLOTILLA INVASION. TWENTY-ONE SYSTEMS HAVE ALREADY FALLEN.



WE WILL WIPE THE HUMANS OFF THE MAP OF THE HEAVENS!

THE DEAD NUMBER IN THE BILLIONS! IN A SHORT TIME, THE SUFFERING OF OUR GALAXY HAS REACHED IMPOSSIBLE LEVELS.

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL...

...THE HUMAN SQUADRON FROM SECTOR 669 HAS TRIED TO INTERCEPT THE BERG FLOTILLA. AH, WHAT AN INCREDIBLE ABOMINATION! AN IMMENSE EGG, BLACKER THAN SPACE, HAS LOOMED UP FROM BEHIND THE MYSTERIOUSLY MORIBUND SOLAR ASTER.

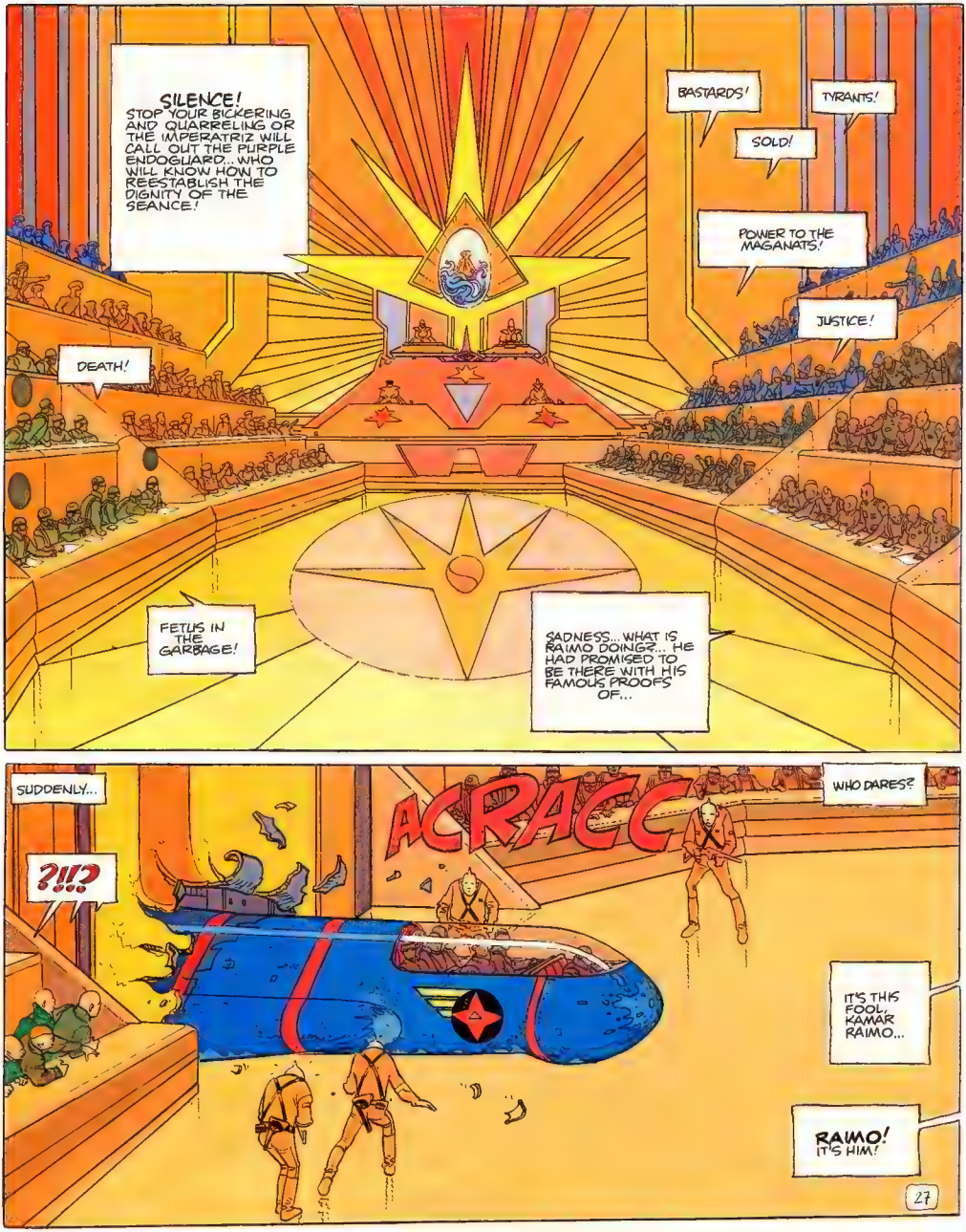
IN A FEW NANO-SECONDS, DARK RAYS SPRANG FORTH FROM THE BLACK HORROR, REDUCING OUR SQUADRON TO SCATTERED ATOMS.

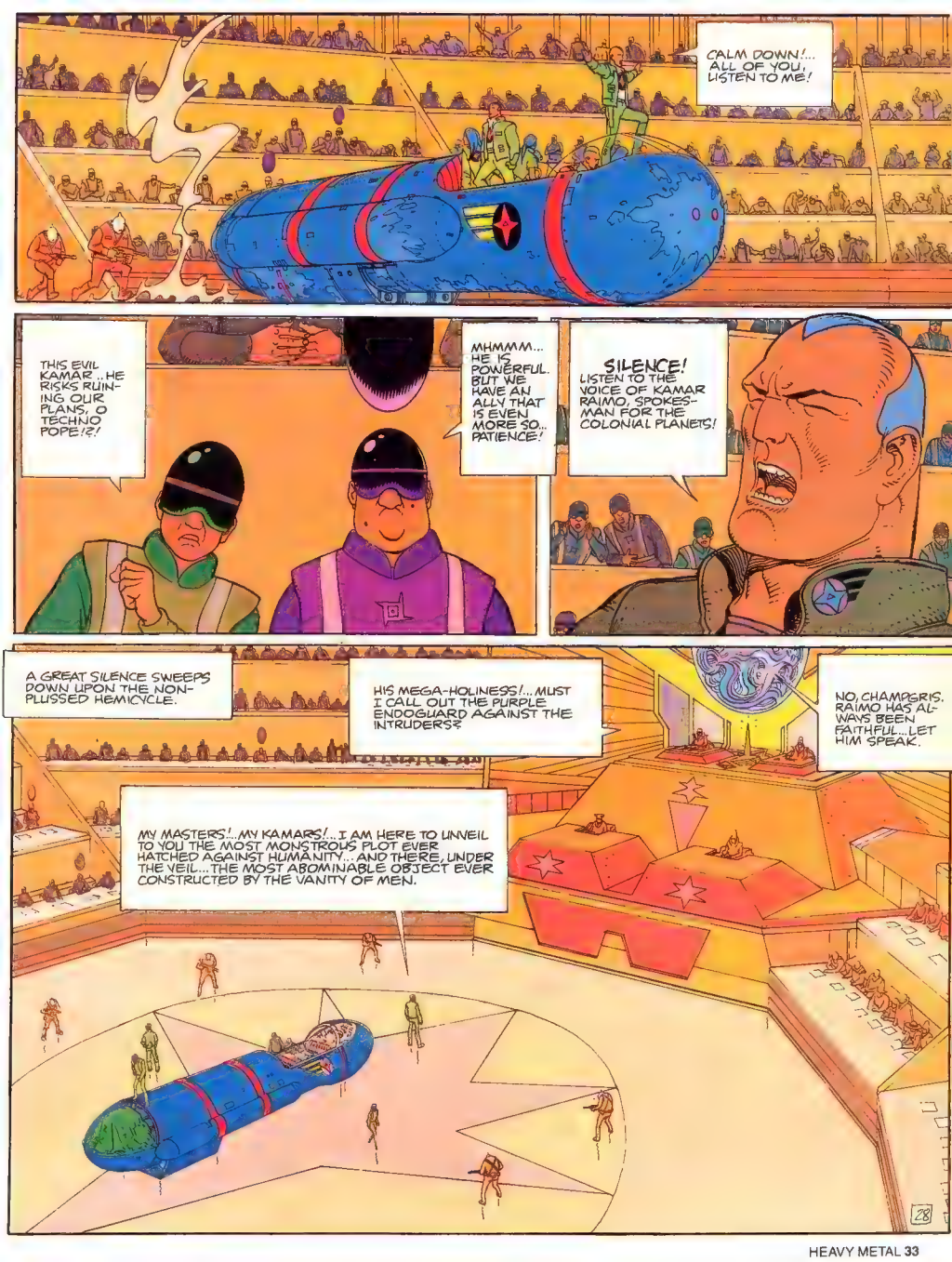
THIS STORY OF THE BLACK EGG SMELLS STRONGLY OF POLITICAL MANIPULATION. YOU WISH TO PLACE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DISASTER ON OUR PRECIOUS PSYCHO-ABDOMEN! THE REAL RESPONSIBLE PARTY IS THE BI-FOETUS CONSERVED IN ITS EGG.

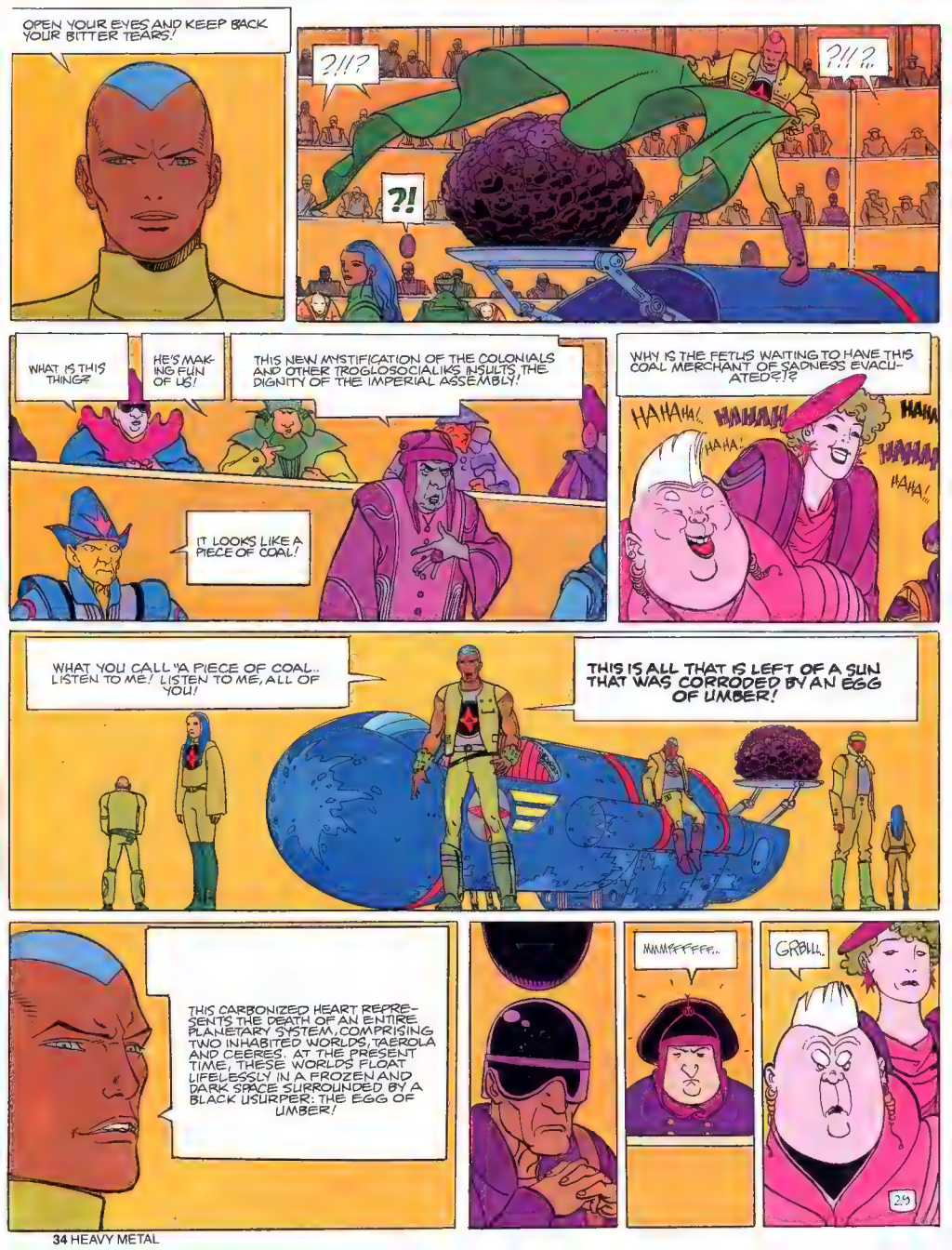
THE SITUATION REQUIRES META-SCIENTIFIC COMPETENCE. THE IMPERATRIZ IS OBVIOUSLY NOT ABLE TO GOVERN.

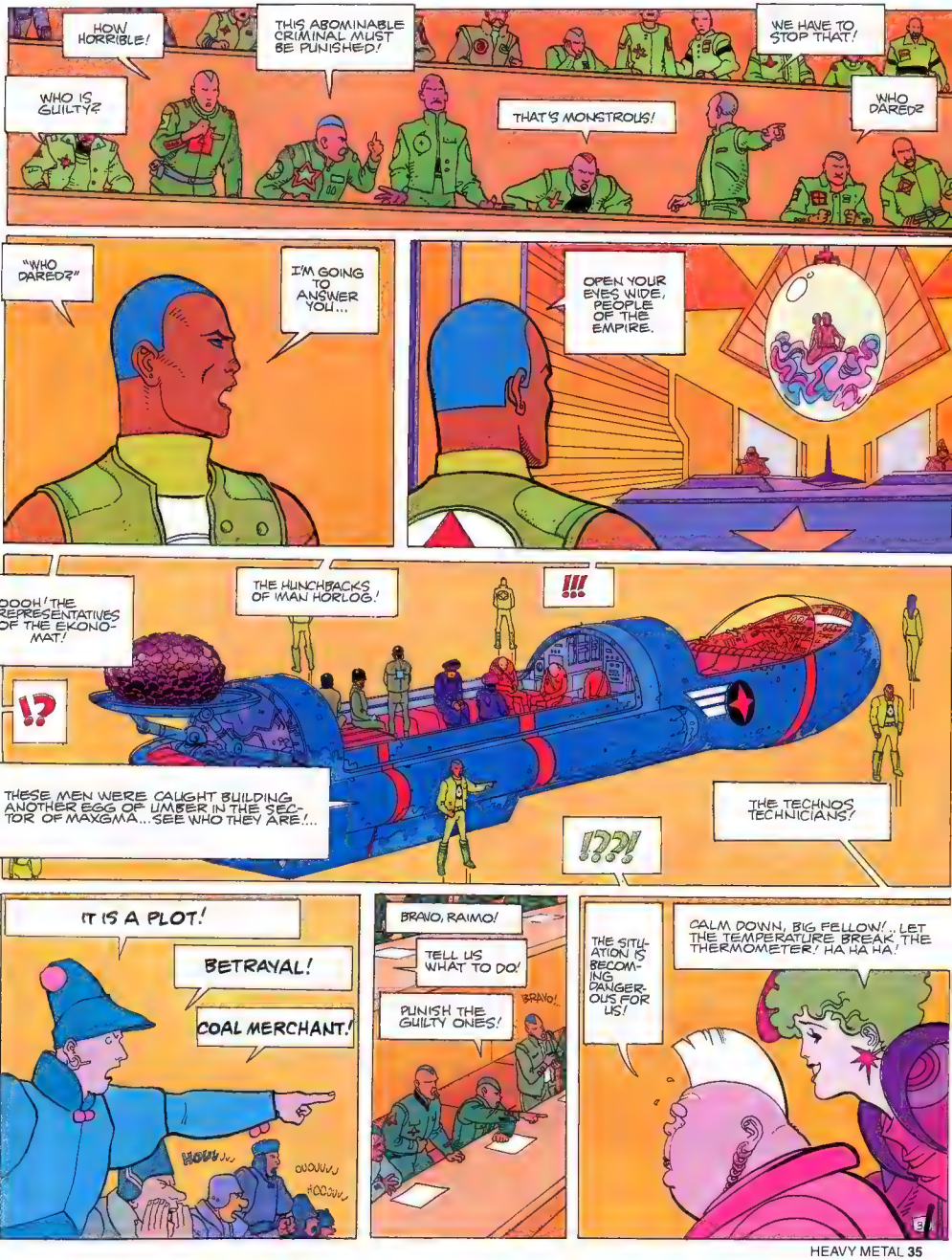
BRAVO!... THE EKONOMAT UNRESERVEDLY SUPPORTS THE TECHNOS' POSITION AND ASKS FOR A VOTE OF FORFEITURE!

BETRAYAL!... YOU ARE INSULTING THE ANDROGYNE AT THE MOMENT WHEN UNITY IS MORE INDISPENSABLE THAN EVER. WE ARE THE COLONIAL PLANETS WHO PAY DEARLY FOR YOUR POWER!


SILENCE! STOP YOUR BICKERING AND QUARRELING OR THE IMPERATRIZ WILL CALL OUT THE PURPLE ENDOGUARD... WHO WILL KNOW HOW TO REESTABLISH THE DIGNITY OF THE SEANCE!
BASTARDS!
TYRANTS!
SOLD!
POWER TO THE MAGANATS!
JUSTICE!
DEATH!
FETUS IN THE GARBAGE!
SADNESS... WHAT IS RAIMO DOING?... HE HAD PROMISED TO BE THERE WITH HIS FAMOUS PROOFS OF...
SUDDENLY...
?!!?
ACRACC
WHO DARES?
IT'S THIS FOOL, KAMAR RAIMO...
RAIMO! IT'S HIM!
27

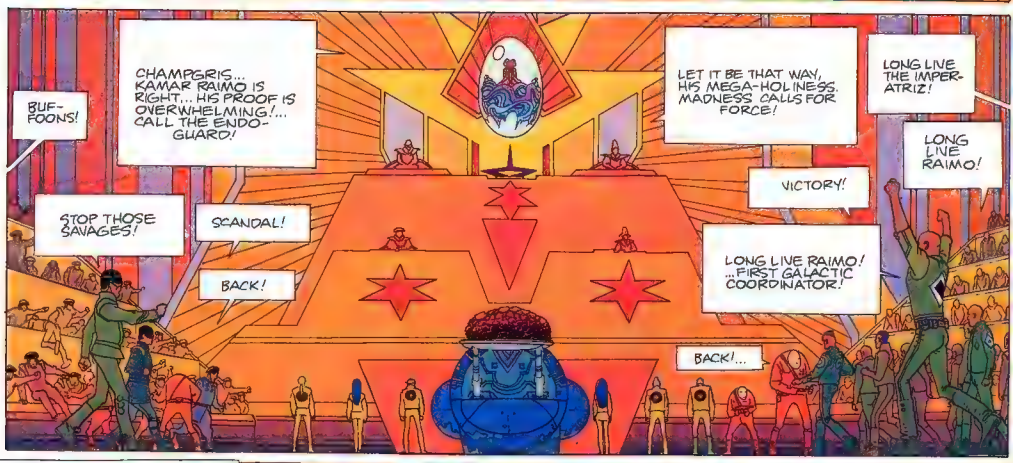

CALM DOWN!... ALL OF YOU! LISTEN TO ME!
THIS EVIL KAMAR .. HE RISKS RUIN-ING OUR PLANS, O TECHNO POPE!?!
MHMMM... HE IS POWERFUL. BUT WE HAVE AN ALLY THAT IS EVEN MORE SO... PATIENCE!
SILENCE! LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF KAMAR RAIMO, SPOKES-MAN FOR THE COLONIAL PLANETS!
A GREAT SILENCE SWEEPS DOWN UPON THE NON-PLUSSED HEMICYCLE.
HIS MEGA-HOLINESS!.. MUST I CALL OUT THE PURPLE ENDOGUARD AGAINST THE INTRUDERS?
NO, CHAMBERIS. RAIMO HAS AL-WAYS BEEN FAITHFUL... LET HIM SPEAK.
MY MASTERS!.. MY KAMARS!.. I AM HERE TO UNVEIL TO YOU THE MOST MONSTROUS PLOT EVER HATCHED AGAINST HUMANITY... AND THERE, UNDER THE VEIL... THE MOST ABOMINABLE OBJECT EVER CONSTRUCTED BY THE VANITY OF MEN.
28


OPEN YOUR EYES AND KEEP BACK YOUR BITTER TEARS!
?!!?
?!!?...
?!
WHAT IS THIS THING?
HE'S MAKING FUN OF US!
THIS NEW MYSTIFICATION OF THE COLONIALS AND OTHER TROGLOSOCIALIKS INSULTS THE DIGNITY OF THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLY!
IT LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF COAL!
WHY IS THE FETUS WAITING TO HAVE THIS COAL MERCHANT OF SADNESS EVACUATED?!?
HAHAHA!
HAHAHA!
HAHA!
HAHA!
HAHA!
WHAT YOU CALL "A PIECE OF COAL.. LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN TO ME, ALL OF YOU!
THIS IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF A SUN THAT WAS CORRODED BY AN EGG OF UMBER!
THIS CARBONIZED HEART REPRESENTS THE DEATH OF AN ENTIRE PLANETARY SYSTEM, COMPRISING TWO INHABITED WORLDS, TAEROLA AND CEERES. AT THE PRESENT TIME, THESE WORLDS FLOAT LIFELESSLY IN A FROZEN AND DARK SPACE SURROUNDED BY A BLACK USURPER: THE EGG OF UMBER!
MMMFFFFF...
GRRLL.
25

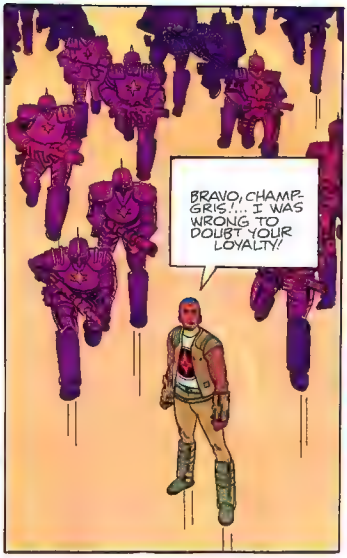

HOW HORRIBLE!
THIS ABOMINABLE CRIMINAL MUST BE PUNISHED!
WE HAVE TO STOP THAT!
WHO IS GUILTY?
THAT'S MONSTROUS!
WHO DARED?
"WHO DARED?"
I'M GOING TO ANSWER YOU...
OPEN YOUR EYES WIDE, PEOPLE OF THE EMPIRE.
OOOH! THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EKONOMAT!
THE HUNCHBACKS OF IMAN HORLOG!
!!!
!?
THESE MEN WERE CAUGHT BUILDING ANOTHER EGG OF UMBER IN THE SECTOR OF MAXGMA... SEE WHO THEY ARE!...
THE TECHNOS TECHNICIANS!
!?!?
IT IS A PLOT!
BETRAYAL!
COAL MERCHANT!
HOOU...
OUOUUU
HOOUUU
BRAVO, RAIMO!
TELL US WHAT TO DO!
PUNISH THE GUILTY ONES!
BRAVO!
THE SITUATION IS BECOMING DANGEROUS FOR US!
CALM DOWN, BIG FELLOW!.. LET THE TEMPERATURE BREAK THE THERMOMETER! HA HA HA!

I ASK FOR AN EMBARGO AGAINST ALL THE HYPERPOWERS AND THE POWER TO THE UNITED COLONIAL TROGLO-SOCIAL FORCES...
OOOH!
IT'S A COUP D'ETAT!
A REBEL-LION!
IN ORDER TO RE-ESTABLISH JUSTICE THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY!
HIS MEGA-HOLI-NESS, HE'S GO-ING TOO FAR!.. MUST I SEND FOR THE ENDO-GUARD?
NO! WE MUST LET THE CRAZINESS UNFURL!
AGAINST THE HYPER PRIVILEGES OF THE MAGANO-PLANETS AND THE CONFED-ERACY!
THEY HAVE THE POWER... WE HAVE THE NUMBERS... WE HAVE THE RIGHT!
WE HAVE THE JUSTICE... WE HAVE THE PROTECTION OF THE IMPER-ATRIZ, SACRED ANDROGYNE!
LONG LIVE THE IMPERATRIZ!
DEATH TO THE TECHNOS!
OUT, IMAN!
CONTROL ON THE EKONO-MAT!
BUT WHY ARE YOU WAITING TO PUT PLAN R SAT INTO OPERATION?
MUST WE WAIT UNTIL THE SITUA-TION BECOMES RED HOT?
WE HAVE TEN THOU-SAND UMBER EGGS IN THE WORKSHOP... WE CANNOT...
PATIENCE! THE TIME IS NOT YET HERE!

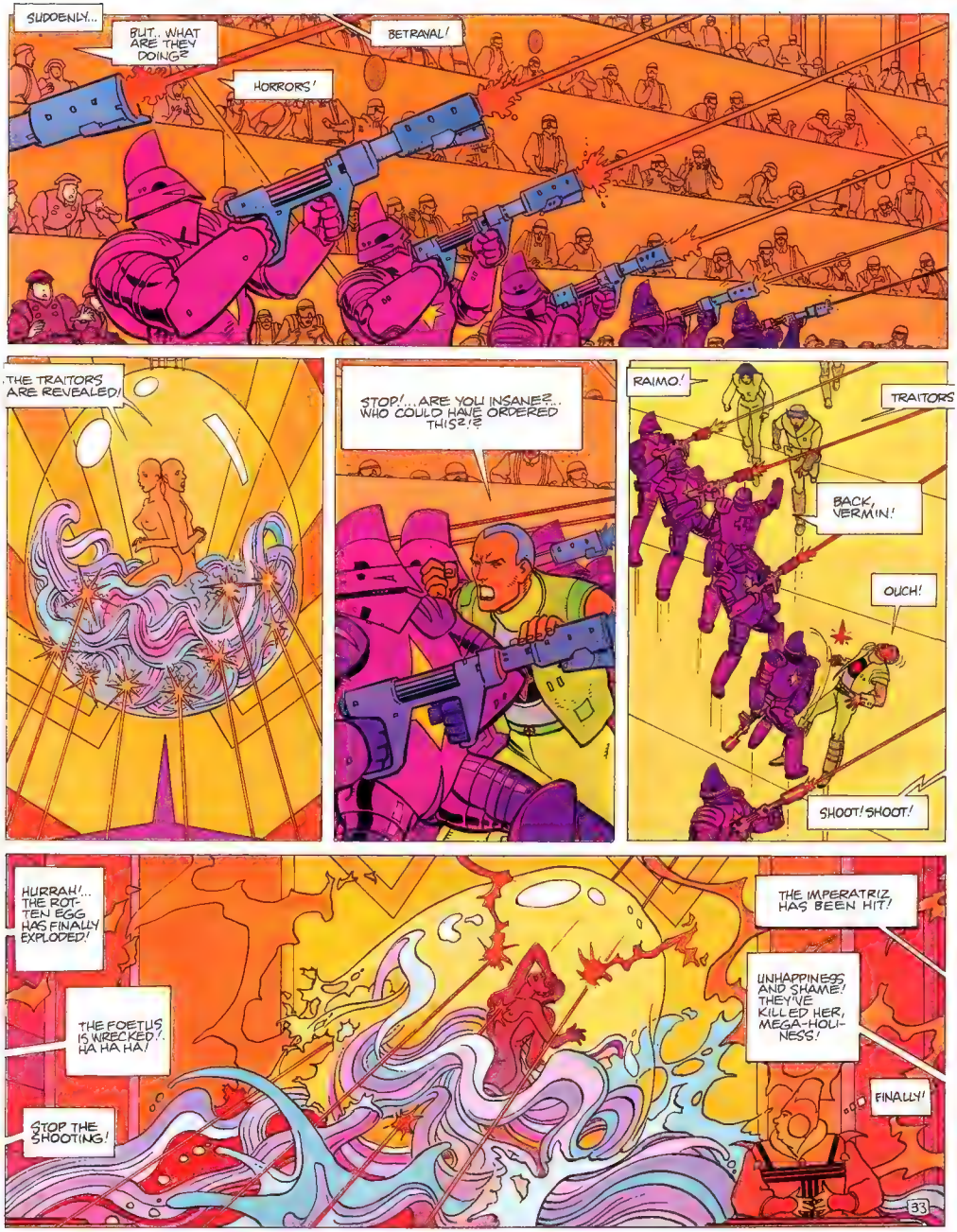
HIS MEGA-HOLINESS!... HASN'T THE HOUR COME TO CALL THE ENDO-GUARDS... THE GUILTY ONES MUST BE STOPPED SO THAT THEY CAN BE EXILED TO AQUAEND, THE PRISON PLANET. ISN'T THAT THE ONLY OUTCOME FOR JUSTICE AFTER SUCH INFAMY?


BUFFOONS!
CHAMPGRIS... KAMAR RAIMO IS RIGHT... HIS PROOF IS OVERWHELMING!... CALL THE ENDO-GUARD!
STOP THOSE SAVAGES!
SCANDAL!
BACK!
LET IT BE THAT WAY, HIS MEGA-HOLINESS. MADNESS CALLS FOR FORCE!
VICTORY!
LONG LIVE THE IMPERATRIZ!
LONG LIVE RAIMO!
LONG LIVE RAIMO! ...FIRST GALACTIC COORDINATOR!
BACK!...

SPRINGING FORTH FROM A THOUSAND SECRET PASSAGES, A PURPLE HORDE INVADES THE GALACTIC ASSEMBLY.
TORN
TORN
TORN
TORN
TORN
TORN


BRAVO, CHAMPGRIS!... I WAS WRONG TO DOUBT YOUR LOYALTY!

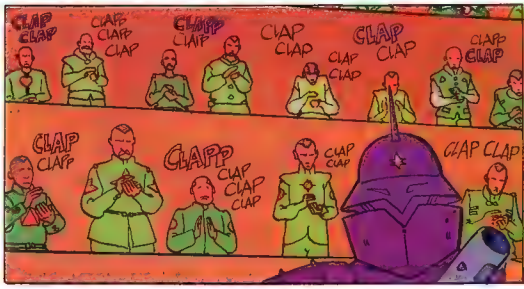
YOU WERE WRONG IN ANY CASE, KAMAR. ENDOGUARDS!... EXECUTE THE ORDERS!


SUDDENLY...
BUT.. WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
BETRAYAL!
HORRORS!
THE TRAITORS ARE REVEALED!
STOP!... ARE YOU INSANE?... WHO COULD HAVE ORDERED THIS?!?
RAIMO!
TRAITORS
BACK, VERMIN!
OUCH!
SHOOT! SHOOT!
HURRAH!... THE ROTTEN EGG HAS FINALLY EXPLODED!
THE FOETUS IS WRECKED! HA HA HA!
STOP THE SHOOTING!
THE IMPERATRIZ HAS BEEN HIT!
UNHAPPINESS AND SHAME! THEY'VE KILLED HER, MEGA-HOLINESS!
FINALLY!
33

ALL THIS BLOOD... THIS IS DISGUSTING...
BRAVO, CHAMPSRIS... THAT'S GOOD WORK.

THE IMPERATRIZ, NO LONGER IN ANY CONDITION TO PRESIDE OVER THE MEETING, RELINQUISHES AUTHORITY, IMAN HORLOG, IN SPITE OF HIS OWN PERSONAL PAIN, WILL ASSUME THAT BURDEN.

SIRTOGG!.., THOSE WHO APPLAUD TOO SOFTLY MUST BE EXECUTED ON THE SPOT!
BRAVO!
CLAP CLAP!
HOORAH!!
CLAP CLAP!..


CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
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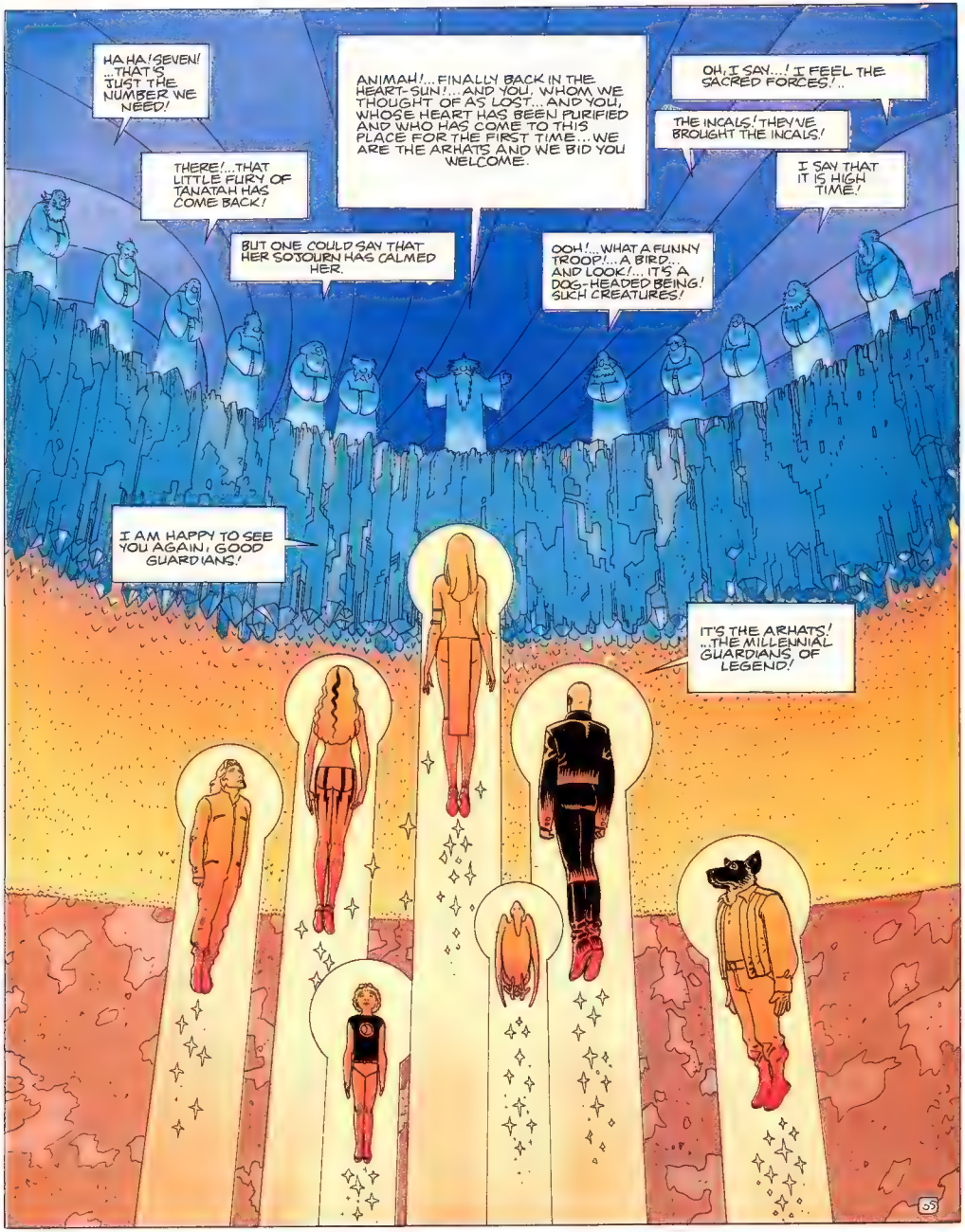
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP

YOU AND I, MY DEAR.. WE WILL BE THE NEW SACRED ANDROGYNE! HA HA HA!
YOUR EXCELLENCE... WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THESE PEOPLE? DEATH...?

DEATH?.. OH, NO! I'VE SOMETHING BETTER IN MIND.. THE SAME FATE THEY RESERVED FOR US! SEND THEM TO AQUAENDI, THE PRISON PLANET, IMMEDIATELY!
34

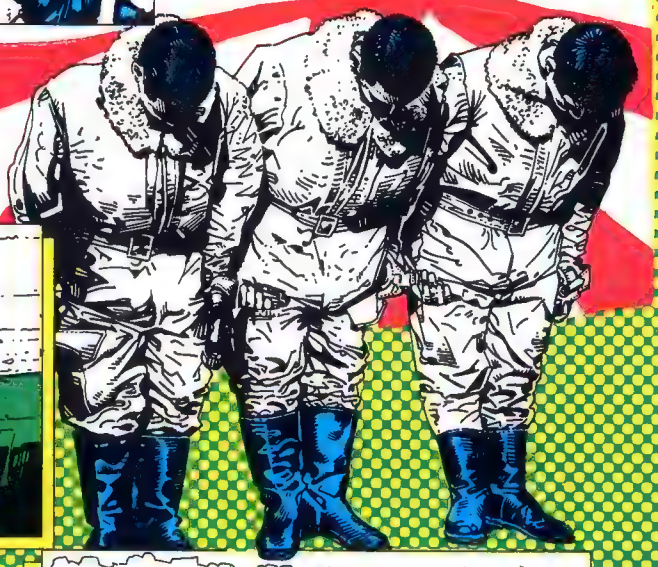

HOWEVER, THOUSANDS OF LIGHT-YEARS AWAY, JOHN DIFOOL AND HIS FRIENDS ARE PART OF A STRANGE GATHERING...
HA HA! SEVEN! ...THAT'S JUST THE NUMBER WE NEED!
THERE!...THAT LITTLE FURY OF TANATAH HAS COME BACK!
BUT ONE COULD SAY THAT HER SOJOURN HAS CALMED HER.
ANIMAH!...FINALLY BACK IN THE HEART-SUN!...AND YOU, WHOM WE THOUGHT OF AS LOST...AND YOU, WHOSE HEART HAS BEEN PURIFIED AND WHO HAS COME TO THIS PLACE FOR THE FIRST TIME...WE ARE THE ARHATS AND WE BID YOU WELCOME.
OOH!...WHAT A FUNNY TROOP!...A BIRD...AND LOOK!...IT'S A DOG-HEADED BEING! SUCH CREATURES!
OH, I SAY...! I FEEL THE SACRED FORCES!..
THE INCALS! THEY'VE BROUGHT THE INCALS!
I SAY THAT IT IS HIGH TIME!
I AM HAPPY TO SEE YOU AGAIN, GOOD GUARDIANS!
IT'S THE ARHATS! ...THE MILLENNIAL GUARDIANS OF LEGEND!
55

TO BE CONTINUED...

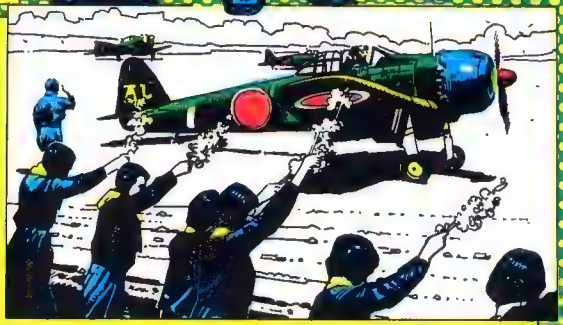
I'M AGE
I THOUGHT I WAS DUMB. SO I DECIDED TO STUDY PHILOSOPHY TO BECOME SMARTER.
I FOUND OUT THAT PHILOSOPHY IS DESIGNED TO SHOW PEOPLE THEY'RE NOT AS SMART AS THEY THINK THEY ARE.
WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE ME?

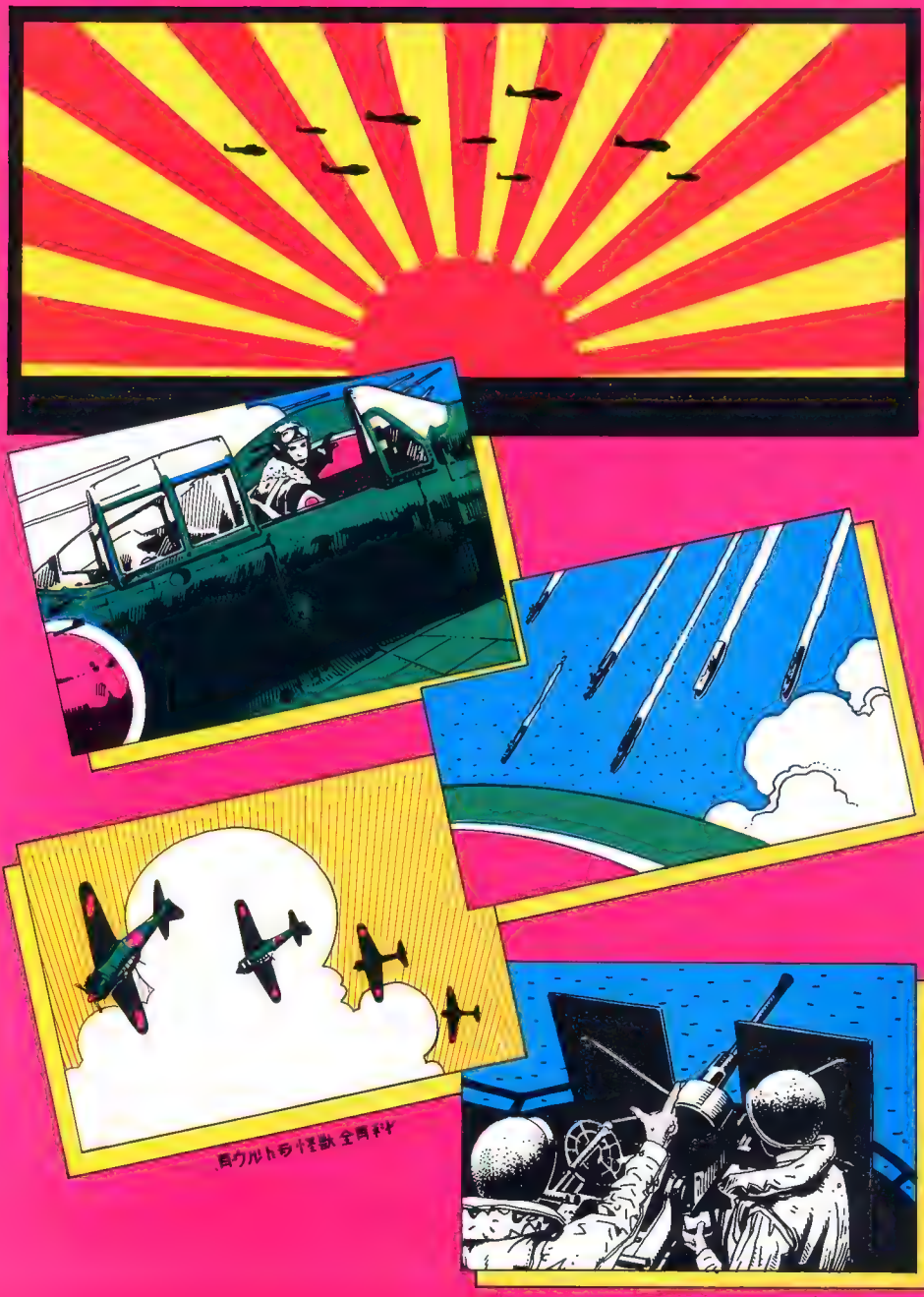
新網走番外地
新網走番外地
KAMIKAZE
MORENO 83

...IT IS ABSOLUTELY OUT OF THE QUESTION FOR YOU TO RETURN ALIVE. YOUR MISSION INVOLVES CERTAIN DEATH. YOUR BODIES WILL BE DEAD, BUT NOT YOUR SPIRITS. THE DEATH OF A SINGLE ONE OF YOU WILL BE THE BIRTH OF A MILLION OTHERS. NEGLECT NOTHING THAT MAY AFFECT YOUR TRAINING OR YOUR HEALTH. YOU MUST NOT LEAVE BEHIND ANY CAUSE FOR REGRET THAT WOULD FOLLOW YOU INTO ETERNITY. AND, LASTLY: DO NOT BE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO DIE. IF YOU CANNOT FIND YOUR TARGET, TURN BACK. NEXT TIME YOU MAY FIND A MORE FAVORABLE OPPORTUNITY. CHOOSE A DEATH THAT BRINGS ABOUT A MAXIMUM RESULT.



...I DO NOT WANT A GRAVE. I WOULD FEEL OPPRESSED IF THEY WERE TO PUT ME INTO A NARROW VAULT. A VAGABOND, SUCH AS I, HAS NO NEED OF IT. WILL YOU TELL MY PARENTS THAT I DO NOT WEEP BECAUSE I AM ABOUT TO DIE. IF I WERE TO LIVE AND ONE OF MY DEAR ONES TO DIE, I WOULD DO ALL I COULD TO CHEER THOSE WHO REMAIN BEHIND. I WOULD TRY TO BE BRAVE.



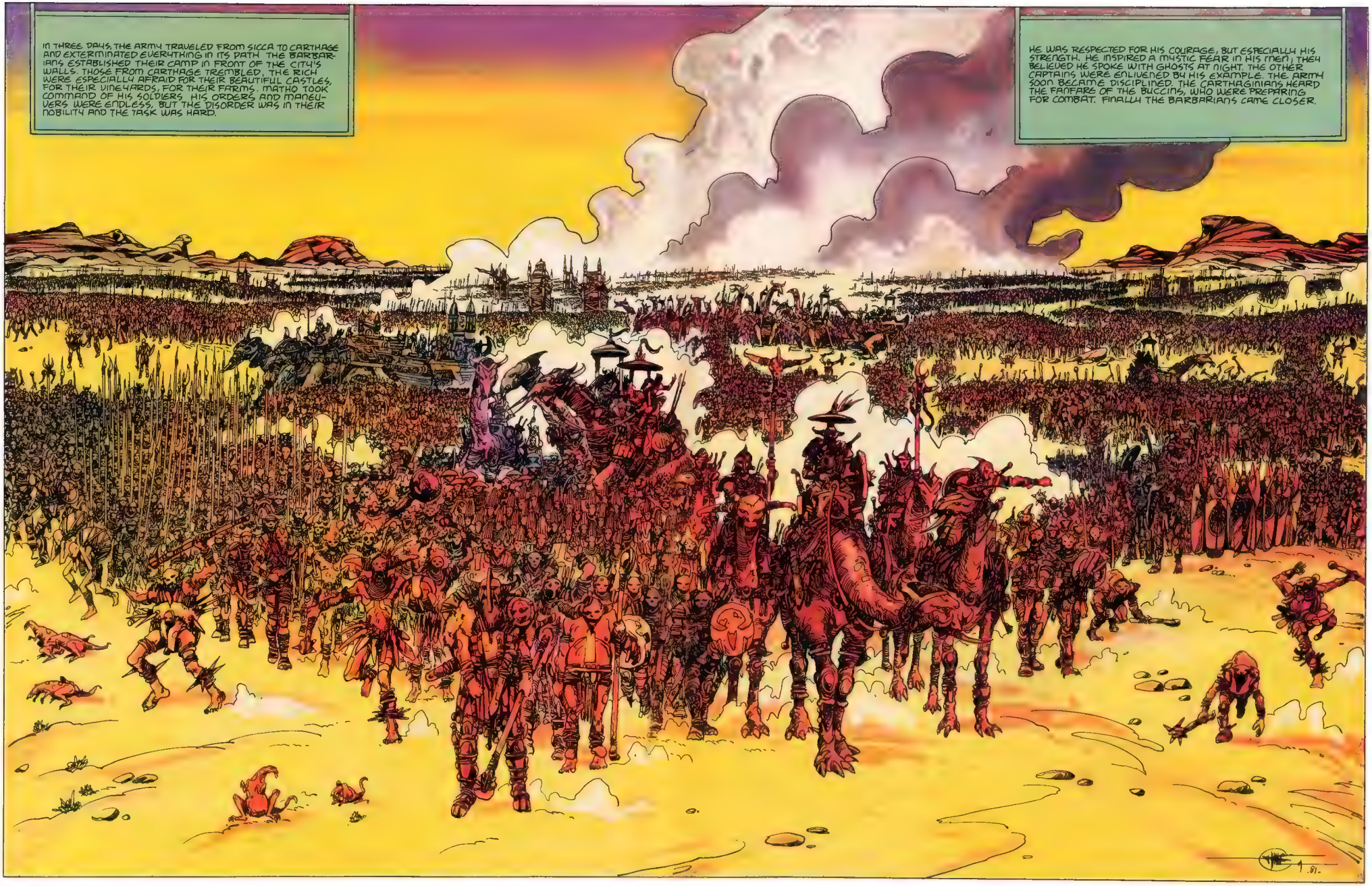


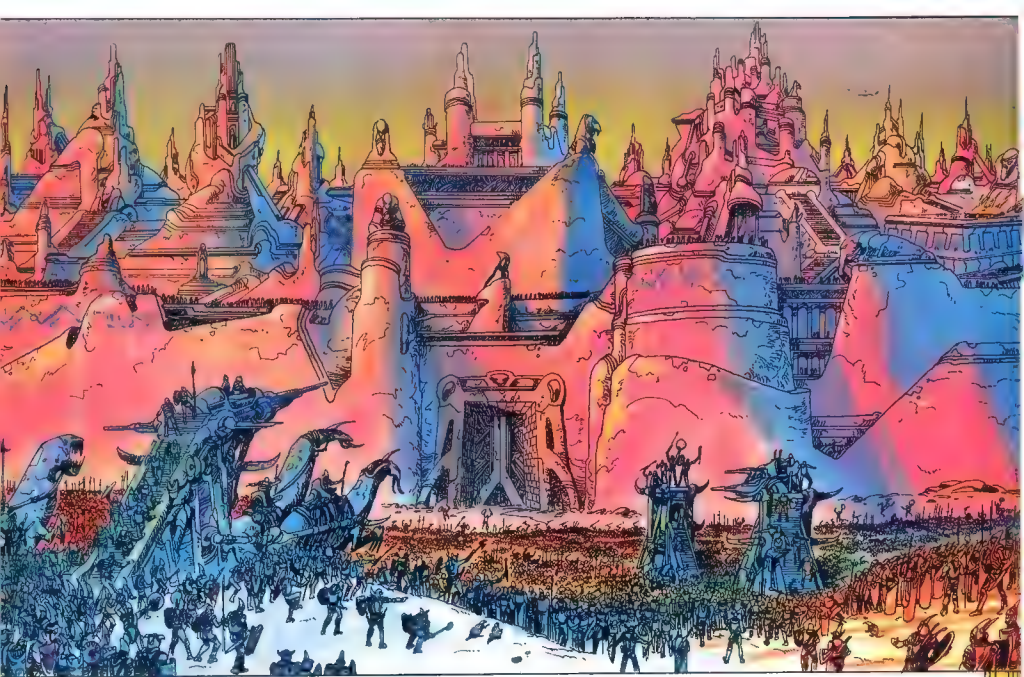
MORE?? 8!!

CRASH!!
KAMIKAZE
KAMIKAZE
OH, MAN! I GOT HIT, BUT I THINK I GOT 'EM ALL! TWO MORE HITS AND I'M SUNK!
OH, NO! MORE! I'LL GET 'EM! I'LL GET 'EM!
BOY! YOU JUST CAN'T BEAT IT. YOU SHOOT 'EM DOWN AND THEY JUST KEEP COMIN'! THEY NEVER DIE!
FUJI
McDonald's
Coca

SALAMMBO II

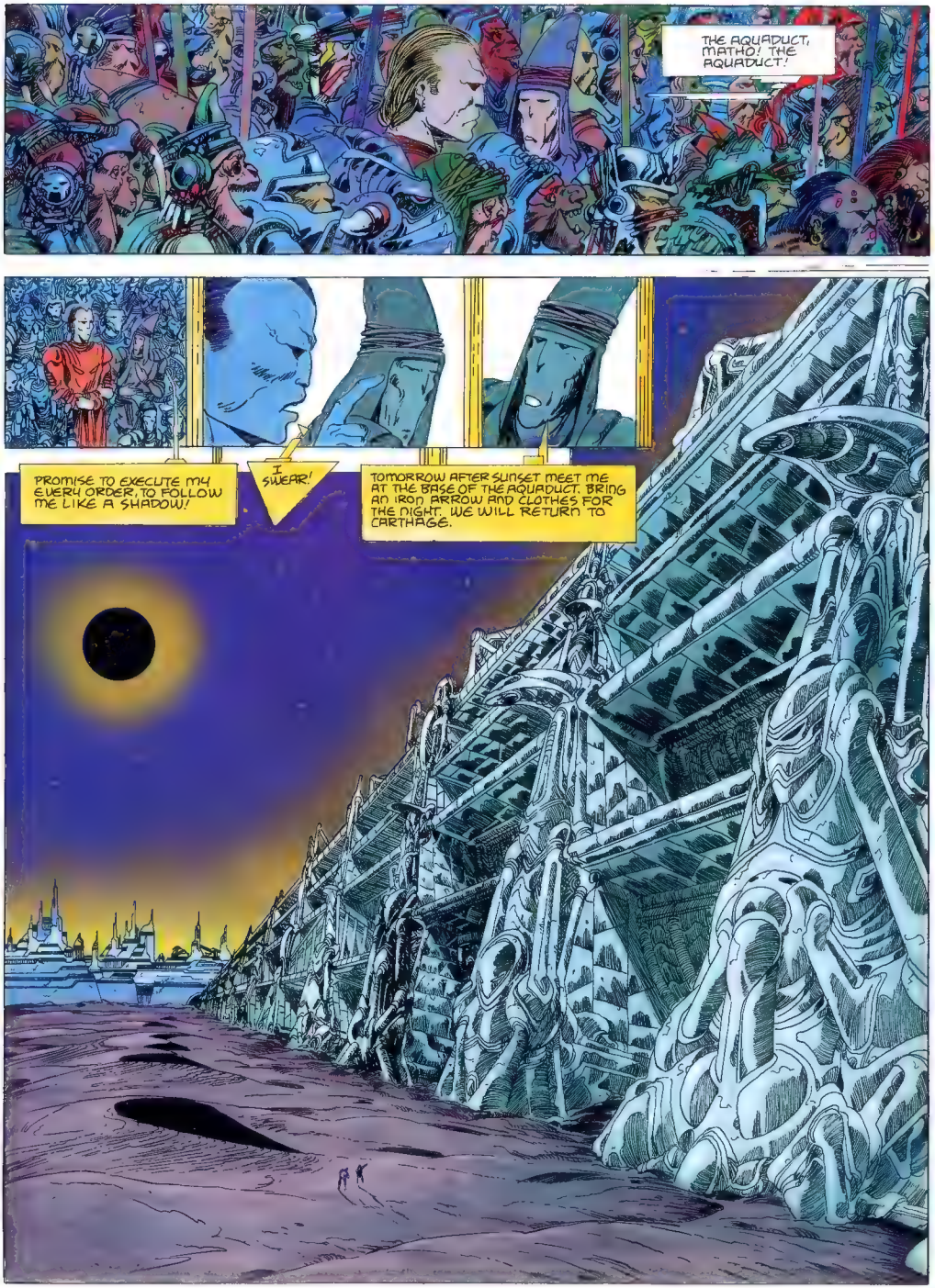
BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET
ADAPTED FROM
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT'S
SALAMMBO.

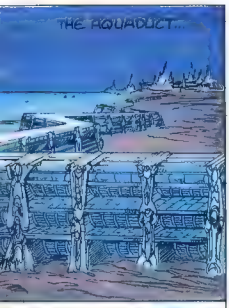

IN THREE DAYS, THE ARMY TRAVELED FROM SICCA TO CARTHAGE AND EXTERMINATED EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH. THE BARBARIANS ESTABLISHED THEIR CAMP IN FRONT OF THE CITY'S WALLS. THOSE FROM CARTHAGE TREMBLED. THE RICH WERE ESPECIALLY AFRAID FOR THEIR BEAUTIFUL CASTLES, FOR THEIR VINEYARDS, FOR THEIR FARMS. MATHO TOOK COMMAND OF HIS SOLDIERS. HIS ORDERS AND MANEUVERS WERE ENDLESS, BUT THE DISORDER WAS IN THEIR NOBILITY AND THE TASK WAS HARD.
HE WAS RESPECTED FOR HIS COURAGE, BUT ESPECIALLY HIS STRENGTH. HE INSPIRED A MYSTIC FEAR IN HIS MEN; THEY BELIEVED HE SPOKE WITH GHOSTS AT NIGHT. THE OTHER CAPTAINS WERE ENLIVENED BY HIS EXAMPLE. THE ARMY SOON BECAME DISCIPLINED. THE CARTHAGINIANS HEARD THE FANFARE OF THE BUCCINS, WHO WERE PREPARING FOR COMBAT. FINALLY THE BARBARIANS CAME CLOSER.

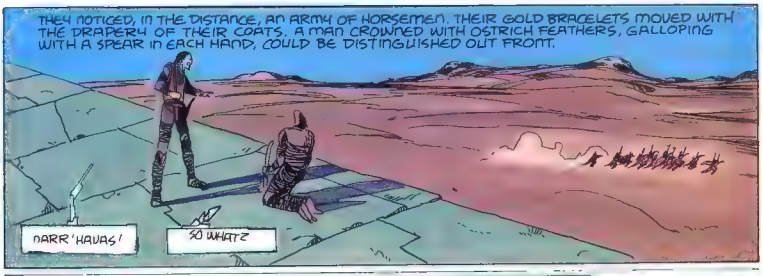


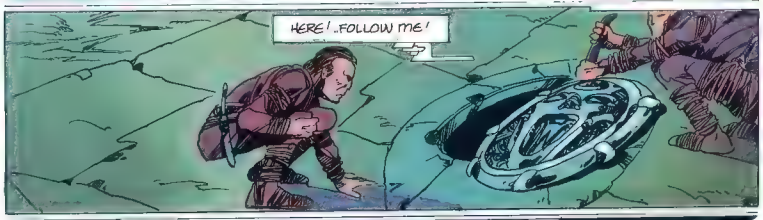
TERRIFIED, THE CARTHAGINIANS SENT THE NOBLE GISCON WITH A GOLD-FILLED CASE TO CALM THE MERCENARIES. THE SUM WAS INSUFFICIENT. THE CASE WAS PLUNDERED AND THE RICHES THAT GISCON HAD BROUGHT WERE THROWN WITH HIM INTO A REFUSE HOLE. THE WRATH OF THE BARBARIANS WAS JUST; HAMILCAR HAD MADE EXHORBITANT PROMISES TO THEM. VAGUE ONES, IT'S TRUE, BUT SOLEMN AND REPEATED. BUT THE ENCLOSED CITY OF CARTHAGE, WITH ITS POWERFUL WALLS AND MORTAL TRAPS, DISQUIETED THE SOLDIERS. THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARTHAGE. SPENDIUS HAD AN IDEA. HE REFLECTED.

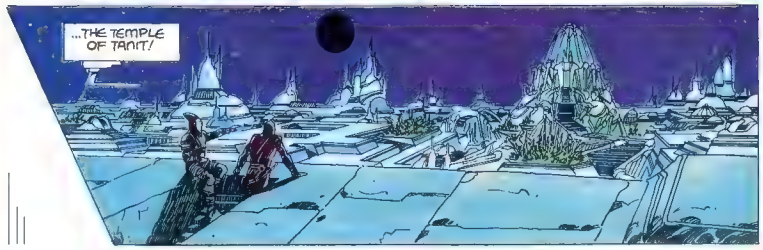
CARTHAGE MUST HONOR ITS WORD. IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO PAY FOR THE BLOOD THAT'S BEEN SPILLED, NOBLE PREDATOR GISCON! YOU WILL LEARN...

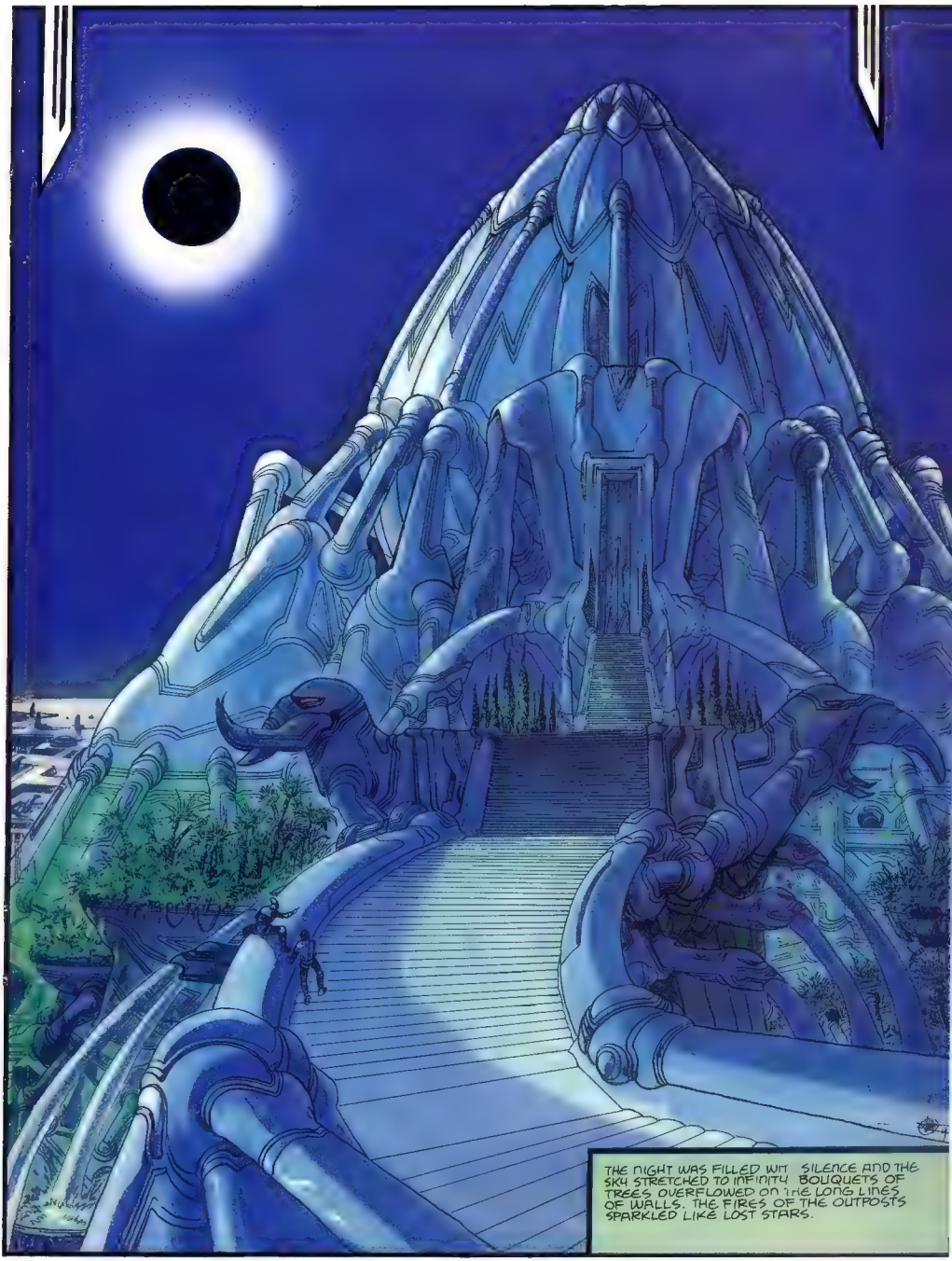

THE AQUADUCT, MATHO! THE AQUADUCT!
PROMISE TO EXECUTE MY EVERY ORDER, TO FOLLOW ME LIKE A SHADOW!
I SWEAR!
TOMORROW AFTER SUNSET MEET ME AT THE BASE OF THE AQUADUCT. BRING AN IRON ARROW AND CLOTHES FOR THE NIGHT. WE WILL RETURN TO CARTHAGE.


THE AQUADUCT...


THEY NOTICED, IN THE DISTANCE, AN ARMY OF HORSEMEN. THEIR GOLD BRACELETS MOVED WITH THE DRAPERY OF THEIR COATS. A MAN CROWNED WITH OSTRICH FEATHERS, GALLOPING WITH A SPEAR IN EACH HAND, COULD BE DISTINGUISHED OUT FRONT.
NARR'HAVAS!
SO WHAT?


HERE! ..FOLLOW ME!


...THE TEMPLE OF TANIT!


THE NIGHT WAS FILLED WITH SILENCE AND THE SKY STRETCHED TO INFINITY. BOUQUETS OF TREES OVERFLOWED ON THE LONG LINES OF WALLS. THE FIRES OF THE OUTPOSTS SPARKLED LIKE LOST STARS.

SPENDIUS. "MATHO. THERE IS, IN TANIT'S SANCTUARY, A MYSTERIOUS VEIL, FALLEN FROM THE SKY, WHICH COVERS THE GODDESS."
MATHO "YES, I KNOW."
SPENDIUS. "AND HE IS DIVINE, TOO, BECAUSE IT IS PART OF HER."
"...THE TWO OF THEM CAN BE FOUND NEAR THEIR IMAGES. IT IS BECAUSE CARTHAGE POSSESSES IT THAT IT IS POWERFUL. I'VE BROUGHT YOU WITH ME TO ROB IT."
SLOANE MATHO SNEERED. "I CAME FOR THIS... AND FOR ONE OTHER THING!"

TO BE CONTINUED..

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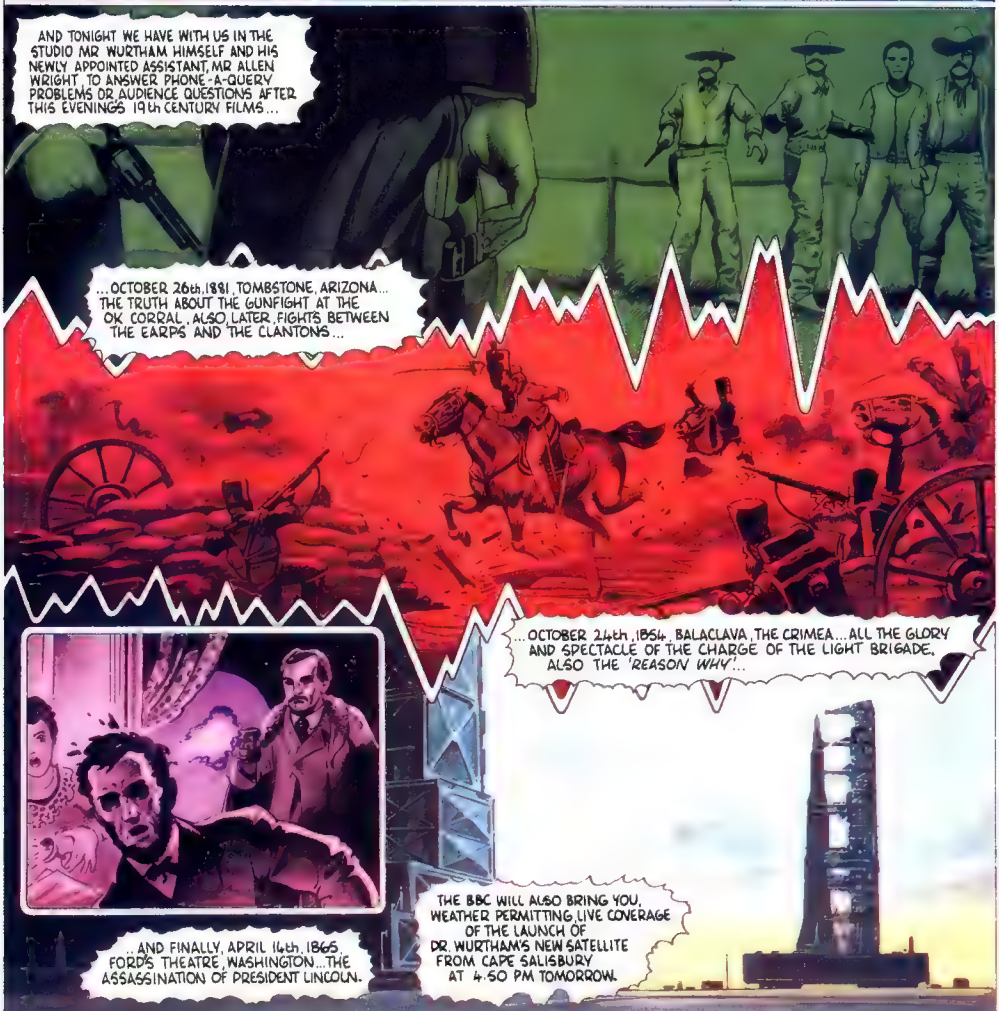
WURTHAM VIEW 2000 Part Two:

LAST ISSUE, DR. WURTHAM REVEALED THE EXISTENCE OF A METHOD OF TRACKING LIGHT RAYS FAR INTO THE DEEPNESS OF SPACE. THE "CAPTURED" RAYS SHOW THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF EARTH...AND OF EVERYONE WHO EVER LIVED ON THE PLANET.

FACE OF THE PAST

YOU INCOMPETENT *BUNGLERS!* WHY WASN'T WURTHAM WATCHED!? IF THEY CAN RECORD RECENT CABINET DISCUSSIONS WE'RE REALLY IN FOR A BLASTING FROM NUMBER TEN.


AND TONIGHT WE HAVE WITH US IN THE STUDIO MR WURTHAM HIMSELF AND HIS NEWLY APPOINTED ASSISTANT, MR ALLEN WRIGHT TO ANSWER PHONE-A-QUERY PROBLEMS OR AUDIENCE QUESTIONS AFTER THIS EVENINGS 19th CENTURY FILMS...
...OCTOBER 26th, 1881, TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA... THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GUNFIGHT AT THE OK CORRAL, ALSO, LATER, FIGHTS BETWEEN THE EARPS AND THE CLANTONS...
...OCTOBER 24th, 1854, BALACLAVA, THE CRIMEA... ALL THE GLORY AND SPECTACLE OF THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. ALSO THE 'REASON WHY'...
...AND FINALLY, APRIL 14th, 1865, FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON... THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.
THE BBC WILL ALSO BRING YOU, WEATHER PERMITTING, LIVE COVERAGE OF THE LAUNCH OF DR. WURTHAM'S NEW SATELLITE FROM CAPE SALISBURY AT 4.50 PM TOMORROW.

LIFT OFF!
WITH THE AID OF VAST FINANCIAL BACKING, DR WURTHAM'S NEW SATELLITE IS SENT ON ITS JOURNEY INTO SPACE.
TIME HAS FLOWN OVER US, BUT IT HAS LEFT ITS SHADOW BEHIND.
TUNE IN TO OUR SATELLITE BROADCASTS AND SEE IT REPLAYED ON YOUR TV SCREENS.
THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SHARE YOUR TRIUMPHS AND TROUBLES.
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SKIP BACK AND FORWARD TO THE MOST MOVING SCENES IN YOUR LIFE.
NO MOMENT WILL EVER GO UNNOTICED AGAIN.
TODAY IS A DAY WHEN EVERYONE WANTS TO SEE INTO EVERYONE ELSE'S PAST...
TOMORROW IS THE DAY WHEN EVERYONE WILL...

IMAGINE... ONE OF THOSE LITTLE STARS IS WATCHING US. IT'S POSITIVELY IMMORAL!
GOD! IF THEY TELEVISE THAT AFFAIR I HAD WITH THAT ACTRESS LAST YEAR, IT'LL RUIN MY MARRIAGE!
THAT YOUNG BOY I LET FONDLE ME IN JULY! OH NO! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING!
MUMMY! MUMMY! I TOOK THE LAST CHOCOLATE BISCUIT YESTERDAY. PLEASE DON'T LET EVERYONE SEE IT ON THE TELLY!
ENTRY PROHIBITED
MINISTRY OF INFORMATION GOVERNMENT RESEARCH CENTRE. WARNING
YESTERDAY THERE WAS GOD, TODAY THERE IS WURTHAMVIEW.
THIS TIME WE HAVE FAR MORE POWER... THIS TIME WE WILL HAVE IMMEDIATE TRANSMISSIONS. IN A MOMENT WE WILL SEE 'HISTORY' ONLY SECONDS OLD... SELECTED AT RANDOM FOR THE PRESENT...
NOW, THROW THE SWITCH!

FINE-TUNE THE RECEPTION, ALLEN,
ALRIGHT, LODGE, PUT THE FIRST 'LIVE' SIGNALS FROM THE PAST ONTO THE BIG SCREEN. THE WHOLE GOVERNMENT CABINET IS WAITING TO BE IMPRESSED.
LODGE! WHAT IS THIS?! WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?!
CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?!
:GASP: IT IS!
I SAAAY...IT LOOKS LIKE..
IT'S THE PRIME MINISTER!
I CAN'T LOOK!
LET ME SEE!
WHAT A GET-UP!
MY GOD, PRIME MINISTER! BLACK LEATHER IS ELECTORALLY DISASTEROUS!
THANK HEAVEN THE OPPOSITION WASN'T INVITED.
PARLIAMENT DISCUSSES BAN ON WURTHAMVIEW
CABINET SPLIT
PM WANTS END TO W'VIEW • DEFENCE CHIEFS SAY NO
CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS
YOU GOT THE TAPES?
GIVE ME THE MONEY FIRST.

BLAZES!
HELL! IT'S A RAID! QUICK! INCINERATE THE TAPES!
SET CINE CLUB
ELITE CINEMA CLUB
SKREEEK
POLICE RAID SOHO SEX SHOPS HUNDREDS VIDEO TAPES CONFISCATED
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS SO CONCERNED WITH THE GLORY OF REVEALING HISTORY.
IT SHOULD'VE BEEN OBVIOUS TO YOU, DOC.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, LODGE? THIS BOOTLEG MARKET IS ENTIRELY ILLEG...
HEE HEE!
?
UH, WHAT'S UP, DOC?
HA HA HA! WOW!

I DIDN'T THINK THAT WAS PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE, MARSHA.
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS THIS FILTH DOING ON THE BIG SCREEN?!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHY ARE YOU RECORDING THIS?!
B..BUT. WE'RE NOT, DOCTOR WURTHAM! WE THOUGHT IT WAS YOU!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER, DOCTOR? YOU USED TO INSIST UPON RECORDING PORNOGRAPHIC SCENES FOR YOUR RESEARCH.
...INTO HUMAN NATURE!
YES. OF COURSE, HOW CAN I FORGET? ALL THIS TROUBLE BEGAN WHEN THOSE TAPES WERE STOLEN AND PEOPLE REALIZED WHAT THE WURTHAM VIEW WAS CAPABLE OF.
I ONLY WANTED TO PUT AN END TO DEPRAVITY AND CORRUPTION!
...BUT...IF IT WASN'T YOU, THE ONLY OTHER PERSON WHO HAS BEEN IN HERE TODAY IS...
THAT'S RIGHT, DOC! LODGE! DUMB, FAITHFUL LODGE, YES!. I'M RECORDING THIS LIKE ALL THE OTHER JUICY MATERIAL.
I CAN'T LIVE ON YOUR DREAMS OF GLORY, WURTHAM. THIS THING IS A GOLDMINE AND I'M TAKING ALL THE TAPES WITH ME.

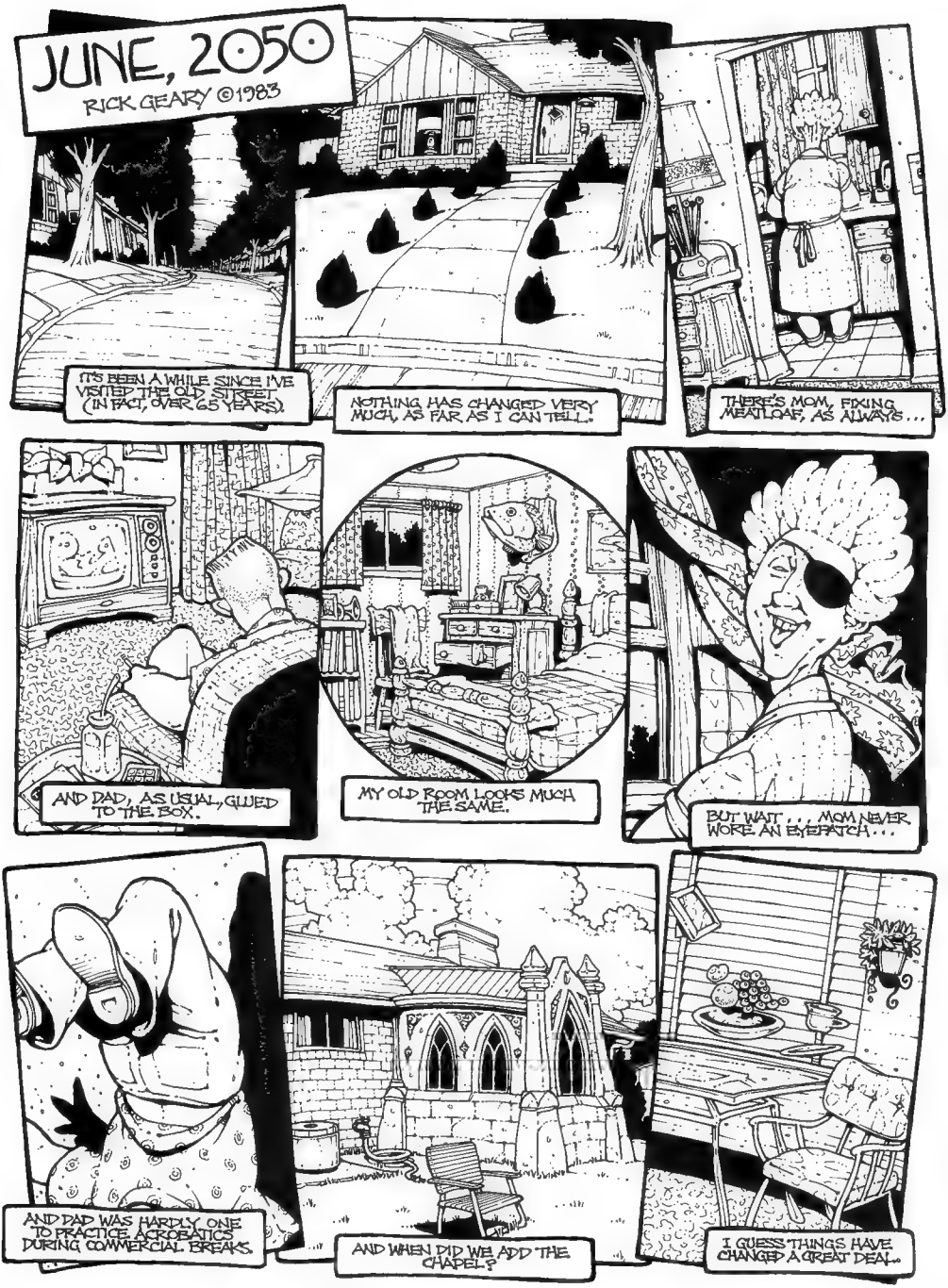
I GAVE A WONDERFUL INVENTION TO THE WORLD AND THIS IS WHAT YOU DO WITH IT!
COME OFF IT, DOC! YOU WANTED FAME, WELL, TOUGH! YOU BECAME INFAMOUS!
YES! IT'S TRUE! I WANTED TO AMAZE THE SCHOLARS OF THE WORLD AND I COULD'VE BEEN IMMORTAL, HOLDING ALL THE KEYS TO HISTORY!
OH, NO! MORE FILTH! TURN IT OFF, LODGE! I CAN'T BEAR IT! TURN IT OFF!
I'LL SHOOT. GET BACK!
DOCTOR!
KRAK
BLAM!
BOF!
WACK
WHUMP
CRASH

ALLEN! THE GUN!
GET BACK INTO THE CONTROL ROOM AND LOCK THE DOOR AFTER ME!
SSSSS
WE'LL BE SAFE IN HERE.
HEY! THE DOCTOR'S SPECTACLES. WHERE IS HE?
YA-YAAH
POW POW
DAMN YOU!
ALLEN!
DON'T WORRY, THIS GLASS IS TOUGHER THAN STEEL PLATE.
HELL! HE'S RUN OFF DOWN TO THE GROUND FLOOR. HE'LL GET AWAY!
THAT NOISE! LOOK!... OUTSIDE!...
STOP THE DOC! STOP THE DOC!
WURTHAMVIEW IS AN INVASION OF PRIVACY
STOP THE DOC
TANKS! THE GOVERNMENT HAS BROUGHT IN THE ARMY! CHRIST! IT REALLY MEANS BUSINESS!
EVERYONE IS BEGINNING TO REALIZE THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WURTHAM VIEW.
WARNING
KEEP OUT!

POW
POW
LODGE?!
YOU FOOL, LODGE! YOU CAN'T TAKE ON THE ARMY!
STOP THE DOC
BLAM
STOP THE DOC
BLOODY HELL! SOMEONE'S SHOOTING!
THEY'RE FIRING ON US!
YAAA!
STOP THE DOC
STOP THE DOC
IT'S HORRIBLE! THEY'VE SHOT LODGE!
THAT SIREN! MARSHA RUN!
RUN! GET AWAY! THE WHOLE PLACE IS GOING TO...

PING
QUOOO
ZUNT
SOMEONE PRESSED THE SELF-DESTRUCT BUTTON!
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I THAT ONLY ONE PERSON APART FROM OURSELVES AND LODGE...
...KNEW OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE AUTO-DESTRUCT PROCEDURE.
C'MON! MOVE, YOU PUNK!
I KNOW HIM! HE'S A TROUBLEMAKER! WE HAVE HIS LIFE STORY ON FILE!
OH, THE POOR DOCTOR IT WAS ALL TOO MUCH FOR HIM.
MAYBE... BUT MAYBE ALSO HE BEGAN TO SEE WHAT LOOKING INTO THE PAST WOULD DO TO THE FUTURE.
AND THAT ENDS OUR REPORT. JOHN HUTCHINSON, NEWS AT TEN MAY 3rd 1984

WURTHAM VIEW CREATED BY DAVE HUXLEY • DRAWN BY ANGUS McKIE • COLOR SEPARATED BY ANGUS McKIE & ALAN CRADDOCK © JPO 82


JUNE, 2050
RICK GEARY ©1983
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'VE VISITED THE OLD STREET (IN FACT, OVER 65 YEARS).
NOTHING HAS CHANGED VERY MUCH, AS FAR AS I CAN TELL.
THERE'S MOM, FIXING MEATLOAF, AS ALWAYS...
AND DAD, AS USUAL, GLUED TO THE BOX.
MY OLD ROOM LOOKS MUCH THE SAME.
BUT WAIT... MOM NEVER WORE AN EYEPATCH...
AND DAD WAS HARDLY ONE TO PRACTICE ACROBATICS DURING COMMERCIAL BREAKS.
AND WHEN DID WE ADD THE CHAPEL?
I GUESS THINGS HAVE CHANGED A GREAT DEAL.

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DINING WITH MUTANTS

With Arthur Godfrey

EARLY IN 1955, ENTERTAINMENT HONCHO ARTHUR GODFREY TOOK UP THE HABIT OF DINING WITH BALD-HEADED MUTATIONS IN HOLLYWOOD'S POSHEST EATERIES.

THE WEALTHY STAR SEEMED TO DELIGHT IN RIDICULING THE UNFORTUNATE MUTANTS

OFTEN IT SEEMED THAT GODFREY WAS MERELY BIDING HIS TIME AT THESE DINNERS.

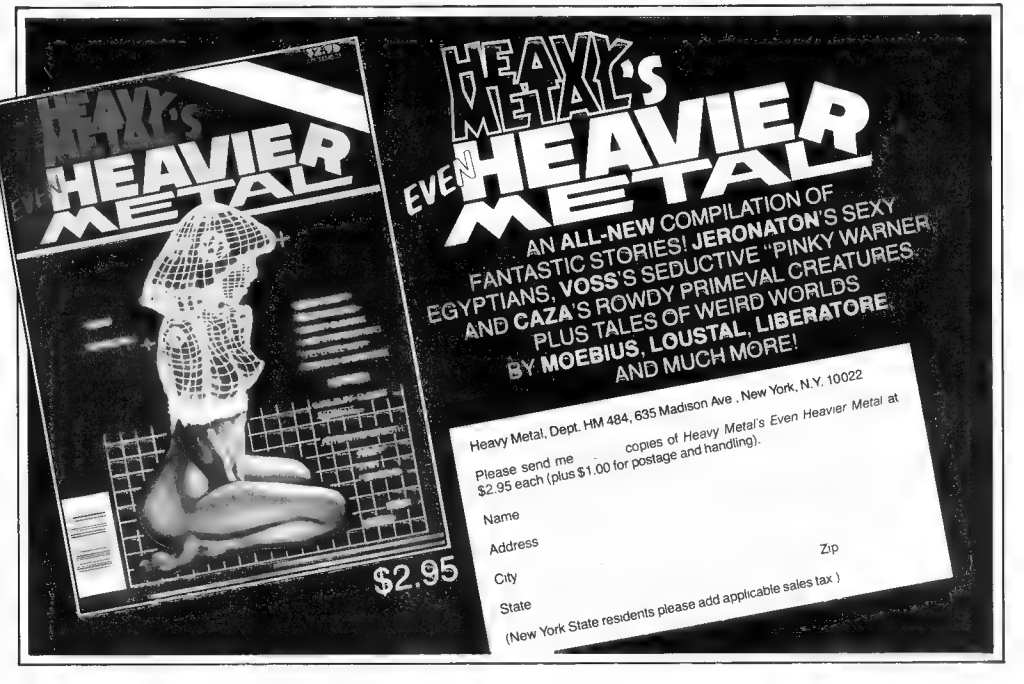
RARELY WOULD HE MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO BELITTLE HIS WRETCHED DINING PARTNERS IN FRONT OF WOMEN.

COME THE SPRING, THOUGH, GODFREY HAD HAD HIS FILL OF THE MISERABLE SOULS. HE DISCONTINUED THE EVENINGS.

GIVEN A CHANCE TO REFLECT ON THESE NIGHTS, GODFREY OPTED FOR HIS BANJO.

END

Communiqué
ONE NIGHT RECENTLY I WOKE UP MUTTERING UNEARTHLY SYLLABLES..
PLOZNOON SNRASH TREL KLARBBORY LAKKIL GY CHEFFR!
BROPPLE ZIX ZNOGBROL!
ZZ
WHY ARE YOU TYPING AT THREE IN THE MORNING, HOWIE?
YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, EDDIE, BUT I'M RECEIVING SOME KIND OF TELEPATHIC COMMUNIQUE IN A LANGUAGE NEVER HEARD BY HUMAN EARS! IT'S VERY CRUCIAL THAT I WRITE IT ALL DOWN!
CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!
WHAT SLOWLY DAWNED ON ME DURING THE WEEKS OF TRANSCRIPTION THAT FOLLOWED WAS THAT A LEARNED BEING FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION WAS SENDING ME URGENT INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO DIVERT THE HUMAN RACE FROM ITS CURRENT PATH TOWARD NUCLEAR CATASTROPHE...
PREK ZKYZ!
FRENK HWUNT!
GHREE BOLORL FLOB! (YSK! YSK!)
POOPUNE WHREBL SIPPBIBB!
A THOUSAND PAGES OF MANUSCRIPT LATER...
THIS IS PROBABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOK OF OUR CENTURY! I'M GOING TO MAIL IT TO A MAJOR BOOK PUBLISHER RIGHT AWAY!
COULD YOU PICK UP SOME MILK ON THE WAY BACK FROM THE POST OFFICE?
©1983 M Cruse
IT FILLS ME WITH HUMILITY TO THINK THAT I WAS SELECTED TO TRANSMIT THIS AWESOME MESSAGE TO HUMANITY!
MAYBE PEOPLE WILL TAKE ME SERIOUSLY NOW INSTEAD OF WRITING ME OFF AS JUST SOME DINKY COMIC BOOK ARTIST!
I WONDER IF I'LL GET TO GO ON TV TALK SHOWS...
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS GARBAGE, PETE! ". PLOK MLUM ZY GLOYK; VWENZ TRELLOR (ARL HEZFZUN OL!) PRYKKN, HAF PIUL, LOLBR--FFYIK PAYP: TU NUBBNO LRAK, POBB! . ."
CRUSE
GOD, YOU'RE RIGHT, LILY--THAT'S THE WORST JOB OF PUNCTUATION I'VE SEEN ALL YEAR!
WHY EDITORS GET GRAY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CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM*:

After sticking with you from issue number one through your January 1984 issue, I've finally summoned the basic inspiration to drop you a line and let you know *exactly* what I think of your mag . . . and, especially, how it affects me as a *creative person* (I've been a graphic artist in the wonderful world of advertising for the past twenty-two years).

When my ideas are going stale and my creative juices are lying dormant, I find that the best possible way for me to recharge my batteries is to sit down with a large pile of *HM* back issues. It *never fails* . . . within twenty minutes I am inspired and filled to overflowing with fresh ideas and inspiration! For this reader at least, your mag is truly an electric/creative turn-on! Obviously, in a magazine featuring such diverse styles and directions, you will *never* be able to satisfy every reader. But this reader, at least, is able to maintain a very high satisfaction level with most issues. My favorites include Liberatore ("Ranxerox" is very *sick* and *violence-obsessed*, but so astonishingly rendered that it becomes *fascinating*!), Moebius (a true genius, no matter what he attempts), Caza (possessor of a brilliant mind and dynamic rendering ability), Corben (even his low quality work is superior—and his *high quality* material is utterly magnificent!), and Kierkegaard's superbly inspired "Rock Opera." Enki Bilal is a brilliant *renderer* (especially some of his earlier works, like "Exterminator 17" from 1979) but his recent contributions have been very static and boring. Crepax? Fascinating to look at, but impossible to decipher! Alas, I have never developed the taste for Druillet, and can't get very excited over the disturbing, perverse renderings of Marcele. Also, I'm bored by the seemingly endless pronouncements on the rock scene in the Dossier—how about a contribution from someone qualified to discuss Fusion music, or (dare I say it) a jazz column? *(With only a couple of exceptions, I find today's jazz to be as hokey and antiquated as Gregorian Chants, and almost completely devoid of vitality. It's not just that it's unfashionable—I couldn't give a damn about that—but that its sensibilities reflect a bygone era. There are a couple of old guys around with some creative energy left—Miles Davis and Ornette Coleman were two recently covered here—but where are the young innovators of the form? Jamaladeen Tacuma is the only name that pops up, and a story on him is planned.—ls)*

Bob Kelemen
Van Nuys, CA

Dear *HM*:

I've noticed the overcoat-clad dude in Paul Kirchner's "The Bus" bears a striking resemblance to David Letterman's Larry "Bud" Melman, of Melman Bus Lines. Coincidence, or what? *(I think we should sue.—ls)* Liked the very relevant point W. Luther Jett made in the August Chain Mail about your readers becoming jaded from too much of a good thing. But *HM has* changed, and some like it the way it used to be. I'm a new reader (a year's worth under my belt) and am collecting back issues. When I got back as far as 77–79, I almost didn't recognize the magazine! My personal view? Well, I would question a few of the choices for strips you've run, but that doesn't mean you guys aren't boss, as if you need me to tell you (or do you?). And Lou Stathis, you're one of the best things about *HM*. Why aren't people like you in charge of mankind? *(A question that crosses my lips frequently as well.—ls)* Good luck against the mediocres—don't let 'em get to you! I would be honored if you would print my letter and grace it with a parenthetical italicized (but never anesthetized) little note. *(I don't do requests.—ls)* Also: unless your market research indicates that incidental cover type ("Exclusive Interview with . . . etc.) boosts sales, would you please remove it? One thing that used to set your mag's cover image apart from others was an absence of word clutter. I don't know, it just made 'em seem . . . timeless. You didn't know *what* was inside (but maybe that's precisely the reason you've increased its use). *(You guessed it. A magazine that sells more than 80% of its total circulation off newsstand and bookstore racks must do anything it can to attract potential buyers, especially if the name or subject mentioned might interest someone not normally taken with our non-verbal cover imagery. Hence the preponderance of film directors, writers, and musicians on our recent public display areas.—ls)*

Jean Clarke
Lakewood, CO

Dear Chain Mail:

Shame on Cryptica author Melik Kaylan. As a devoted lesbian terrorist and former lesbian separatist, as well as a devoted monthly reader of *HM* since April 1977 (hey, everyone lives with bizarre contradictions) *(Yeah, and I spend my off-hours watching sl-mo videotapes of "Dynasty" waiting for a flash of Joan Collins's cleavage.—ls)* I've finally gotten P.O.ed enough to write. Now I don't really give a shit about parasitic DNA (December 1983), unless it involves the acronym of AIDS (the great female hope) *(And people think I'm uncouth—ls)*, so don't lump lesbian separatists in with the Moral Majority. *They* don't read this mag. And if sex-changing fish constitute "dangerous data in lesbian hands" then I'll gladly turn in my rod and reel if Melik will turn in his word processor.

Toffer "Iron Hymen" Ross
Tampa, FL

And then again. . .

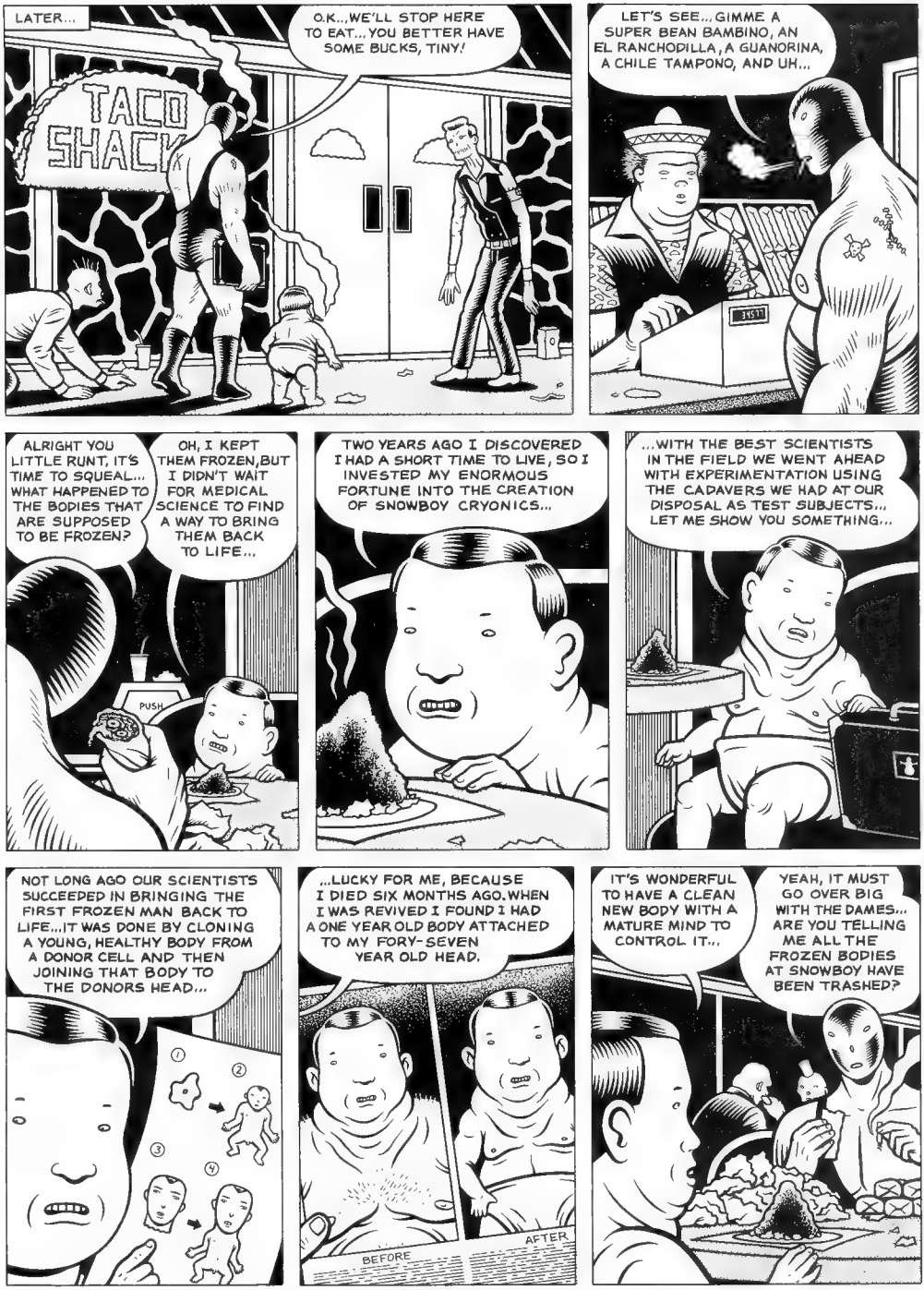
One might consider the possibility that rather than women proving their "hard-core capability" [letter from Lynne Yarbo Williams in November 1983 Chain Mail] in order to prove their value as human beings, it might be better to find some other standard to judge human value by. Even better still, to not have to prove your value as a being at all. Personally, I can see where it's less dehumanizing to be judged by the hardness of your capability than by the size of your tits or your cock. It's still having to beg someone else's approval rather than approving of yourself.

Roldo
Haywood, Manitoba, Canada

El BORBAH
Living IN THE ICE-AGE
STORY SO FAR: EL BORBAH IS HIRED BY JANET SKANK TO INVESTIGATE THE SNOWBOY CRYONICS INSTITUTE WHERE HER HUSBAND IS SUPPOSED TO BE SAFELY FROZEN... WHEN HE FINDS OUT THE FROZEN BODIES ARE REALLY ONLY DUMMIES, EL BORBAH IS READY TO KICK SOME ASS.
COME ON LAMEBRAIN... I'M GETTING TIRED OF WAITING... WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE STIFFS?
I DON'T KNOW! I SWEAR TO GOD! I'M JUST A SECURITY MAN!
©1983 C. BURNS
O.K. SECURITY MAN... IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR TEETH SECURELY IN YOUR HEAD, YOU'LL GET YOUR BOSS ON THE HORN...
WELL... THERE'S A VIDEOPHONE FOR EMERGENCIES...
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY NITWIT...
POW!

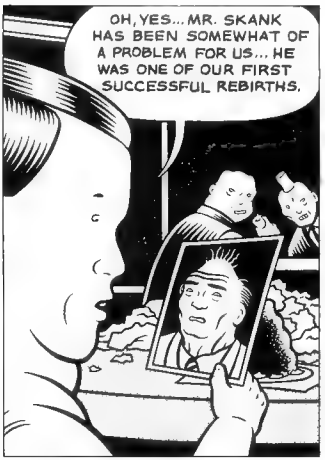
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YOU JUST CALL YOUR BOSS, AND I'LL DO ALL THE TALKING...
BZZZ...WHA... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THIS LINE?
CUT THE CHATTER, POPS! YOU SEE THESE FISTS?
...THESE FISTS ARE GOING TO TEAR THE HOLY SHIT OUT OF THIS DUMP UNLESS YOU GET DOWN HERE ON THE DOUBLE TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!
UM...UH... VERY WELL, I'LL BE DOWN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.
HEY! I DIDN'T GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO LEAVE!
I GUESS I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GIVE YOU A FROG PUNCH!
UH,OH...
BAM!
I'LL JUST STAY UNDER COVER UNTIL BOSS-MAN SHOWS UP...
RIGHT ON TIME... NOW WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY PULLING OUT OF THE CAR?

OH WELL...I'LL THUMP HEADS NOW, ASK QUESTIONS LATER...
HEY! THERE'S THAT FAT GUY! GET HIM!
THUMP!
HUH...WHY WERE THESE GOONS PULLING THIS BABY STROLLER OUT OF THE CAR?
WHY? BECAUSE I'M RATHER SMALL AND IT'S A VERY CONVENIENT MODE OF TRANSPORTATION...
SAY...YOU'RE THE GUY I JUST TALKED TO ON THE PHONE...
THE NAME'S P.J. YORK. I OWN SNOWBOY CRYONICS AND I COULD OWN YOU WITHOUT VERY MUCH TROUBLE...EXACTLY WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS DWARF-BOY! NOW GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE...WE'RE TAKING A HIKE!
...I'D BETTER TAKE THIS TOO...


LATER...
O.K..,WE'LL STOP HERE TO EAT...YOU BETTER HAVE SOME BUCKS, TINY!
TACO SHACK
LET'S SEE... GIMME A SUPER BEAN BAMBINO, AN EL RANCHODILLA, A GUANORINA, A CHILE TAMPONO, AND UH...
ALRIGHT YOU LITTLE RUNT, IT'S TIME TO SQUEAL... WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BODIES THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FROZEN?
OH, I KEPT THEM FROZEN,BUT I DIDN'T WAIT FOR MEDICAL SCIENCE TO FIND A WAY TO BRING THEM BACK TO LIFE...
PUSH
TWO YEARS AGO I DISCOVERED I HAD A SHORT TIME TO LIVE, SO I INVESTED MY ENORMOUS FORTUNE INTO THE CREATION OF SNOWBOY CRYONICS...
...WITH THE BEST SCIENTISTS IN THE FIELD WE WENT AHEAD WITH EXPERIMENTATION USING THE CADAVERS WE HAD AT OUR DISPOSAL AS TEST SUBJECTS... LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
NOT LONG AGO OUR SCIENTISTS SUCCEEDED IN BRINGING THE FIRST FROZEN MAN BACK TO LIFE...IT WAS DONE BY CLONING A YOUNG, HEALTHY BODY FROM A DONOR CELL AND THEN JOINING THAT BODY TO THE DONORS HEAD...
1
2
3
4
...LUCKY FOR ME, BECAUSE I DIED SIX MONTHS AGO.WHEN I WAS REVIVED I FOUND I HAD A ONE YEAR OLD BODY ATTACHED TO MY FORY-SEVEN YEAR OLD HEAD.
BEFORE
AFTER
IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE A CLEAN NEW BODY WITH A MATURE MIND TO CONTROL IT...
YEAH, IT MUST GO OVER BIG WITH THE DAMES... ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL THE FROZEN BODIES AT SNOWBOY HAVE BEEN TRASHED?

WELL...OBVIOUSLY SOME OF THE EARLY EXPERIMENTS WERE UNSUCCESSFUL, AND THE BODIES WERE, UH, TRASHED... BUT A GOOD NUMBER OF THEM ARE STILL FROZEN AND BEING PREPARED FOR REBIRTH.

THAT'S GREAT SHORTY...NOW TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PHOTO. AND TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO SAM SKANK.

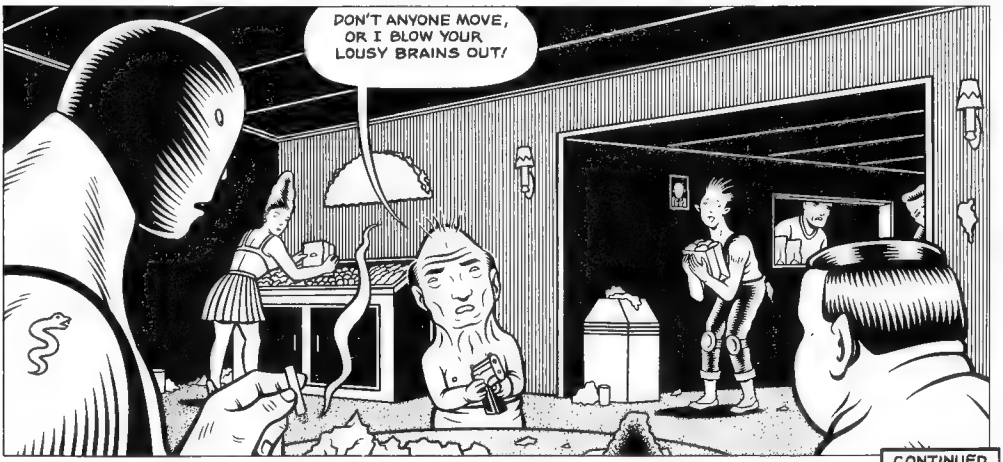

OH, YES... MR. SKANK HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT OF A PROBLEM FOR US... HE WAS ONE OF OUR FIRST SUCCESSFUL REBIRTHS.

I THINK THERE WAS SOME SORT OF BRAIN DAMAGE WHEN HE WAS THAWED...

WHEN HE WAS REVIVED HE BECAME VIOLENT AND MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM THE INSTITUTE...

...LATELY HE'S BEEN SENDING US THREATENING NOTES.

FREEZE!


DON'T ANYONE MOVE, OR I BLOW YOUR LOUSY BRAINS OUT!

CONTINUED

ROGER CORMAN: MORE THAN JUST KING OF THE Bs

Legendary producer-director Roger Corman, who made his mark churning out cheap, exploitative films aimed at the youth market in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, says he's getting out of the B-movie business because Hollywood has invaded his territory. What Corman knew thirty years ago (i.e., that movie-goers prefer titilation to cognition), Hollywood has turned into an Apostle's Creed of Cinema. What Corman didn't know is that the B-phenomenon—the proliferation of instantly gratifying, titilating *things*—would leap the boundaries of cinema and pervade every aspect of our lives.

Today, we worship not only at the altar of Hollywood B-movies like *Flashdance*, *Scarface*, and *Sudden Impact*, but we also adore B-TV (where *The A-Team* is the B-est), B-art (where Keith Haring gets rich), B-music (where the monster album of the decade is aptly named *Thriller*), and of course the latest B-form: the B-music video.

But who is this man who gave birth to the Bs? On one level, he's just a soft-spoken guy with a good idea: make films quickly and inexpensively and give the public what it wants, whether it's gangsters and monsters or student nurses and crazed bikers. On another level, he's the man who may have invented the modern American film. Not only did Roger Corman give some of our finest actors and directors their first break, he also established a style that would forever alter the way films were made and their subjects explored. While the *nouvelle vague* was still a ripple in the minds of a few French film critics, Roger Corman had masterminded an American film revolution.

Born in Detroit in 1926 and educated at Stanford and Oxford, Roger Corman turned his back on an engineering career to risk his savings on a film called *The Monster from the Ocean Floor*, a film that took six days to shoot at a cost of $18 thousand. Within the year he was director in residence at a small production company called American Releasing (soon to be known as American International Pictures or A.I.P.), headed by Samuel Z. Arkoff and James Nicholson. In the years that followed, Corman directed more than four dozen films, including *Not of This Earth* (1956), *Machine Gun Kelly* (1958), *Little Shop of Horrors* (1960), *The Masque of Red Death* (1964), *The Wild Angels* (1966), and *Bloody Mama* (1970), utilizing the talents of virtually unknown actors like Jack Nicholson, Charles Bronson, Bruce Dern, and Robert De Niro.

As a producer and the head of his own company, New World Pictures, Corman earned a reputation as a man who would hire filmmakers with no previous credits if they could work fast and cheaply. The notable Corman-produced films include Irvin Kershner's *Stakeout on Dope Street* (1958), Francis Coppola's *Dementia 13* (1962), Peter Bogdanovich's *Targets* (1968), Jonathan Kaplan's *Night Call Nurses* (1972), Martin Scorsese's *Boxcar Bertha* (1972), Jonathan Demme's *Fighting Mad* (1975), Paul Bartel's *Death Race 2000* (1975), and Joe Dante's *Piranha* (1978, scripted by John Sayles).

And in addition to breaking in American filmmakers, Corman personally engineered a much broader American release for the films of foreign directors like Federico Fellini, Ingmar Bergman, Akira Kurosawa, François Truffaut, and Werner Herzog. Why? Because he likes good movies.

At the time of this interview Corman had sold New World, formed a new company called Millennium, and was about to embark on the third stage of his incredible career.

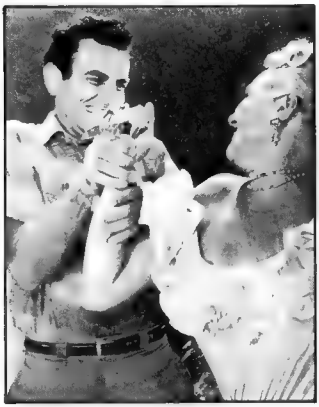
—James Verniere

by James Verniere

Photo courtesy New World Pictures

The Haunted Palace **(1963) with Lon Chaney Jr., Vincent Price, and Debra Paget**

The Day the World Ended **(1956) with Mike "Touch" Connors**



"I have never made a B-movie."

HM: You have a new position with Universal Pictures. Is it still in the talking stage?

RC: Ah, yes. As a matter of fact I would prefer not to . . . .

HM: The suggestion made in an item about you and Universal was that because it had had a bad year in 1983, the studio needed you to teach it how to make money-making films that don't cost an arm and a leg.

RC: That's unfortunate. People should not write things like that. For one thing, the people at the helm of Universal are very experienced and knowledgable. I'm not going to teach them anything. It hurts me to suggest that I can teach studio heads their business.

HM: Perhaps, but your record proves that you can make inexpensive films that turn a profit. Surely, about 80 or 90% of the films you've made have made money.

RC: Yes, I believe—and it's the first time I thought about it in this way—that I've made more successful feature films than anybody in the history of film. And it only occurred to me to check on this recently. I don't think I've ever had a real bomb.

HM: Have you deliberately remained independent?

RC: It's partially deliberate and partially accidental. I started in the fifties and continued to have offers from the independents, and I was not quite as particular in my choice of subject matter as some of the other directors and producers at the time. I took anything that seemed reasonable, feeling that I could improve any story. As a result, I was working all the time.

HM: Can you give me an example of a project that had no value, that you did turn down?

RC: I've forgotten most of them. I remember when I first started, I was making very low-budget films for some drive-in owners in Louisiana. Some drive-in owners from Texas came to me to do a picture in ten days for about $70 thousand—which was about normal—and it had to do with cowboys in Texas smuggling prostitutes and dope across the Rio Grande. I read it and thought, "No, this one goes too far."

HM: Most people say you are an expert trend-spotter. Film industry wags use the word "trend" incorrectly. The hoola hoop was a trend, but the interest in the occult or sf or women in uniforms is a perennial. You seem to tap into subjects of perennial interest to moviegoers.

RC: Yes, I think that we're dealing with basic unconscious drives, the same drives that a citizen of ancient Greece or Rome might have stimulated by a play in his civilization. Basic drives are always with us and are unchanged. What changes is the method of expression. For instance, the motorcycle film which I had a part of in the sixties and seventies, was a replacement for the western. A lot of the themes of westerns were also in the motorcycle films. By the sixties most people had lost touch with the American west but not with the Outlaw. It was always a question of using the same themes but expressing them in a way that was immediately available.

HM: So we're not talking about trends but about timeless preoccupations.

RC: Yes.

HM: How did you first meet Sam Arkoff and James Nicholson, the heads of American International Pictures?

RC: My relationship with them began when I sold them an independent film I had made called *The Fast and the Furious* in 1954. It was AIP's first film. It was about road racing. Dorothy Malone and John Ireland were in it. It was an action/adventure melodrama using sports cars, something that was new in America, as a backdrop. I wasn't consciously searching for a trend, just using a subject I thought would interest audiences. The picture did indeed work, and AIP was happy. Then one thing just led to another.

HM: Was their an AIP philosophy of film-making at the time?

RC: It was a very pragmatic philosophy. They were an undercapitalized company. They were young men. Jim and Sam had some knowledge of motion pictures and they were simply trying to build a production and distribution company with a small amount of money. They wanted to make films for audiences and theater owners who were not totally wed to the major studios, which led them into the obvious genres. Drive-ins at that time were very important. The obvious genres were action/adventure, horror, science fiction, all with a little bit of sex, but not much.

HM: You and AIP took a lot of flak from critics and defenders of public morality, like the Legion of Decency, and yet a few years back the Museum of Modern Art ran an AIP retrospective. What is your reaction?

RC: Well, I never had much flak from critics. AIP did. I have no complaints about the way I've been treated by the critics. I remember reading an article in *Sight and Sound* in the sixties which said, "Roger Corman has become, if not the darling of the critics, at least their mascot." I was getting good reviews. Sometimes even better than *I* thought were justified. I believe I was the youngest director ever to have a retrospective at the Cinémathèque Française and MOMA. So from a critical standpoint, I was more than recognized, perhaps even over-recognized.

HM: The list of actors that got their film starts in your projects includes people like Robert De Niro, Ellen Burstyn, Bruce Dern, Jack Nicholson. Where did these people come from and how did they find you?

RC: Actors are always around. There are always good actors coming up. At that time, I knew a lot of young writers, producers, and actors, and I talked to them. Before long you get a sense of who's good.

HM: Jack Nicholson once told me that when you were shooting the original *Little Shop of Horrors* in 1960, he had to climb over a fence to get into the studio on weekends so you could finish the film. Is that true?

RC: Well, we might have done that, but not on that film.

HM: Jonathan Kaplan, who directed *Over the Edge* and *Heart Like a Wheel*, said that when he was working for you he was making

***Not of This Earth* (1956) with Beverly Garland**

***Boxcar Bertha* (1972) with David Carradine and Barbara Hershey**

so little money he couldn't afford to stay in a motel during the shoot and when he complained to you, you said, "I'm giving you a million dollar education . . ."

RC: ". . . And not charging tuition."

HM: Right. Is that true?

RC: Yes, but we pay the going rates today, maybe even a little more than some. In the early days I had very little money. The money I was making as a director was going right back into the next film. It was understood that it was an exciting, fun time. Money wasn't a major consideration to us in those days. But I don't want to sound too nostalgic.

HM: Can you give me an example of that process.

RC: I did *The Raven* in 1962 or 1963, took my fee and made a movie called *The Terror* with Jack Nicholson, using the same sets.

HM: And with Francis Coppola as Associate Producer.

RC: Yes.

HM: Are you upset when you read stories which suggest you exploited people like Demme, Kaplan, and Coppola when they were young and struggling?

RC: I don't get very concerned because, as I said, most of the things written about me are positive and everyone has to get knocked occasionally. I don't think I have exploited anyone. What I've done is gamble on people like Francis Coppola and Marty Scorsese and Peter Bogdanovich—who probably would have emerged anyway—but nobody else gambled on them before. It's a two-way street. I got the films made with less money than I would have spent on an established director, but I gave the director his opportunity, and to the best of my knowledge, I'm on good terms with all of these people.

HM: I know the myth of Francis Coppola's first film but what's the real story?

RC: The real story is that we were all in Europe shooting *The Young Racers* and we were tied to the racing circuit because we were using the actual race as the backdrop. We finished shooting in Liverpool on the day of the British Grand Prix. Francis, along with my key grip, had built all of my equipment into a Volkswagon minibus, which, as far as I know, was the first modern, compact shooting unit. Now it's the standard form for location shooting. We finished on time, but I realized that I had money invested in the van, the crew, and the actors. The logical thing was to make a second picture, using all the talent I had right there. So I gave Francis the opportunity to come up with a story. I told him it had to be some kind of suspense or horror story. He fired three or four ideas off to me as we were traveling around Europe. I think it was in Belgium at the Belgium Grand Prix when he told me a story I liked. I told him that we'd shoot it in Ireland because the English labor laws are very strict and we were flaunting English law a little bit already insofar as we were allegedly only shooting documentary footage in England.

HM: So the English didn't know that the footage would end up in an American feature film?

RC: Right. But the Irish had no such laws so we were able to put our van on a ferry in Liverpool and arrive in Dublin in a matter of hours. That's how *Dementia 13* got made.

HM: *Not of This Earth* is a favorite with many of your fans. Why?

RC: I don't know, but I always remember one sequence in that film in which Dick Miller plays a vacuum cleaner salesman trying to sell a vacuum cleaner to a man from outer space. It's my favorite.

HM: Many of the directors you started have gone on to great fame and legitimate acclaim. Are you ever jealous?

RC: Maybe sometimes, but not to any great extent. I've had a successful career, and I may start directing again myself. I never really planned to stop directing when I started New World in 1970. I thought I could go on a year-long hiatus perhaps. I had directed so many films in such a short amount of time. In fact on the last one, *Von Richtofen and Brown* in 1970, I could barely make it on to the set. I was tired all the time. My plan was to take a year off and start a little production and distribution company of my own. But the company grew much faster than I thought, so I never had a chance to get back to directing. This year, I finally sold the company, so chances are good that I will return to directing.

HM: What's your response to the enormous success of the Off-Broadway musical version of *Little Shop of Horrors?*

RC: I'm delighted and I'm surprised it's so faithful to the picture.

HM: That's the film in which Jack Nicholson sits in a dentist's office reading "Pain Magazine."

RC: That's right.

HM: Is there any truth to the rumor that Spielberg is going to direct a film version of the musical?

RC: The plan is that Spielberg will produce and Marty Scorsese will direct, which is very strange, but I have a piece of the whole thing, so I'm happy.

HM: What is your theory of film?

RC: Film is both an art form and business. It's uniquely 20th century. I think of film as a collaborative medium with the writer, the producer, and the director all contributing. At the same time, the most significant contribution usually comes from the director. As a producer, I've found that a picture may begin with my vision, but inevitably my vision gets filtered through the minds of the writer and director, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse.

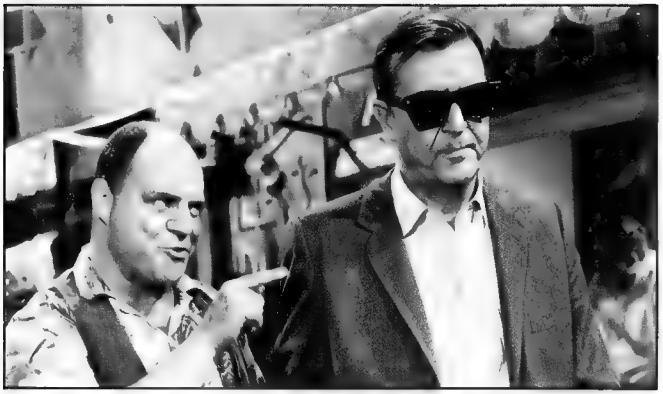
HM: What have been the best collaborations both as director and producer for you?

RC: (pause) I don't have a ready answer for that. As a producer, I often only visit a set in the beginning and if things are going well, I don't go back.

HM: John Sayles got his start with you and New World. How did that happen?

RC: I was looking for a new writer, as I always do, the same way I look for new directors and new actors. I wanted a talented person who had not yet been recognized so that I could work with the person within my budget restrictions. We had written several novels that were well-received, and, luckily, at the time he was living in Santa Barbara, so

"X"—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes (1963) with Don Rickles and Ray Milland



Tales of Terror (1962)

we met.

HM: Are you distrubed by the fact that you are still conceived by many people as the King of the B-movies?

RC: That is the only thing that does bother me because I've never made a B-movie in my life.

HM: How do you define a B-movie?

RC: A B-movie is a film made by the major studios in the 30s and 40s. It was a product of the studio system, when the studios still owned their own theaters. It was designed to fill in the double bill. The A-list was the top feature, the B-list was the supporting feature that played with it on a double bill. The B-movie was, of course, a very inexpensive one. It phased out when the theater circuits were divorced from production by an anti-trust ruling. It was also phased out when color films became the standard.

HM: But surely the definition has amended and the expression has come to denote any quickly made low-budget film which is exploitative.

RC: That's true but only in the last couple of years. In Hollywood no one uses the expression. B-movies ended in the 1940s and it wasn't until the mid-seventies that the term was revived.

HM: I asked you about your reaction to the tremendous success of directors who got their start with you. What is your reaction to the failure of some of the others?

RC: The pressures are immense. And first let me say that all directors have their failures. Often fame is destructive.

HM: As the head of New World you've also distributed the films of foreign directors like Fellini, Truffaut, Kurasowa, and Bergman. Why this penchant for art films?

RC: Perhaps I was trying to balance the fact that I was no longer directing and yet wanted to be close to the creative elements. I felt that these films and filmmakers were not being well distributed by the majors. The independents were too small. I wanted to bring this work to a larger audience. I also felt that my company was getting too identified with exploitation films and this would give us another profile. It was good for the company and personally rewarding for me.

HM: I have read that the exploitation films you make for New World must subscribe to strict standards concerning nudity. That your films *had* to have frontal nudity from the waist up. Is this true?

RC: It was never as rigid as that, but the idea is right.

HM: Have you ever been criticized for exploiting women in your films?

RC: Very seldom. In fact we've been praised because in most of our R rated films we take a feminist stance. We've sent back treatment after treatment telling our writers that we wanted the women in our films to solve their own problems.

HM: The oddest film coupling I ever heard of was *Slumber Party Massacre*, which was directed by a feminist Amy Jones, written by Rita Mae Brown, a gay feminist, and made by you.

RC: You have to see that picture with an audience. The audience cheers those girls because they kill the killer themselves. They don't get rescued by their boyfriends.

HM: What do you consider unethical behavior by a filmmaker? I'm thinking for example of a film like the *Submersion of Japan*, a Japanese film that you acquired, re-cut, inserting scenes with Lorne Green, and releasing it as *Tidal Wave* starring Lorne Green. How do you justify that?

RC: Okay. First, you're not talking about destroying any work of art. It was a commercial undertaking, and it was known up front what we were doing. It's also been done before. You take a Japanese film with good special effects and try to make it as American as possible. It's still pretty much the Japanese film. We didn't re-cut much of it.

HM: Are you amused now that Hollywood appears to need you?

RC: Well, Hollywood doesn't need me as such. I've had offers from most of the major studios, and I've worked with the majors before, specifically on my first films for New World. Now, I will probably make a deal with a major and continue to make low budget films as a producer.

HM: What do you think is wrong with the film industry Hollywood-style?

RC: It's all escalated to the point that the dollars are so important that people are afraid to take a chance. That's why—I think it was Vincent Canby who said this—"What is *Jaws* but a big-budget Roger Corman film." And he's right, Hollywood isn't making Roger Corman films, it's making big-budget exploitation films. Of course, in Hollywood they call this trend the "High Concept" film. So it's gone from B-movie to exploitation to genre film to "High Concept." Now, if you're going to spend a lot of money, you almost have to make "High Concept" films, which is why I have two films—*Love Letters* and *The Wild Side* which just won the Grand Prize at the Chicago Film Festival—which are attempts by me to move into a different field. The market for exploitation films has diminished. It's still there, but now that big-budget films are also exploitative, I've lost part of my market. I've been making inexpensive science-fiction and horror films for years, and while there was no big-budget competition I did very well. But now in the wake of *Star Wars*, low budget science-fiction films just can't compete. My solution is to move into serious films, the kinds of films once made by Willy Wyler, George Cukor, Fred Zinneman, and John Huston. *Love Letters* and *Under the Wild Side* fit into this genre.

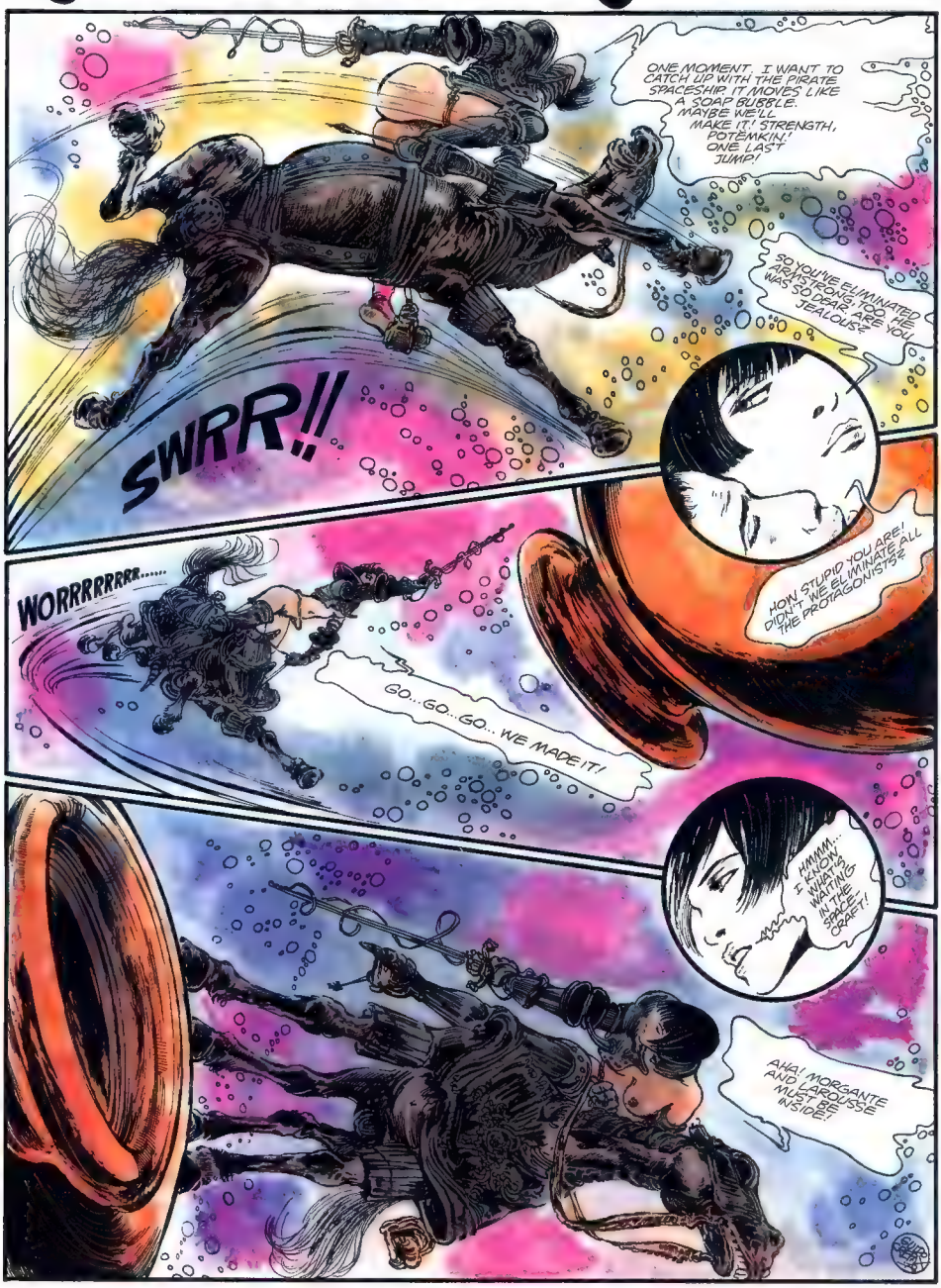
HM: When you started out, filmmaking was still a fairly new field and an exclusive club. Today there are thousands of college students studying film. What kind of future do you see for them?

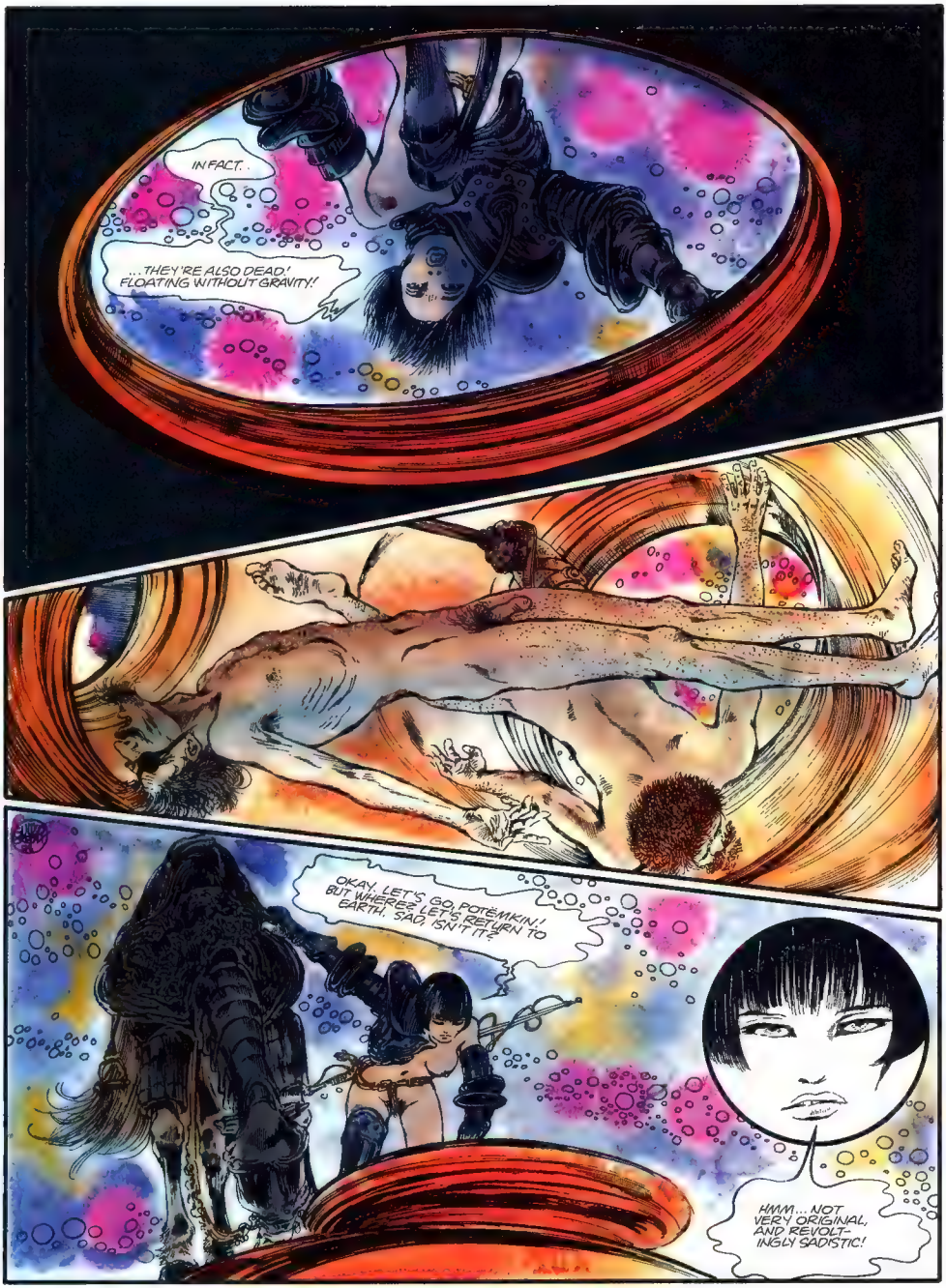
RC: Only a very small proportion of them will achieve their ambitions, but it's always been that way. At least technically these people will be better equipped. It took me five years, with my "student films" on view in drive-ins, to learn what these people know coming out of film departments.

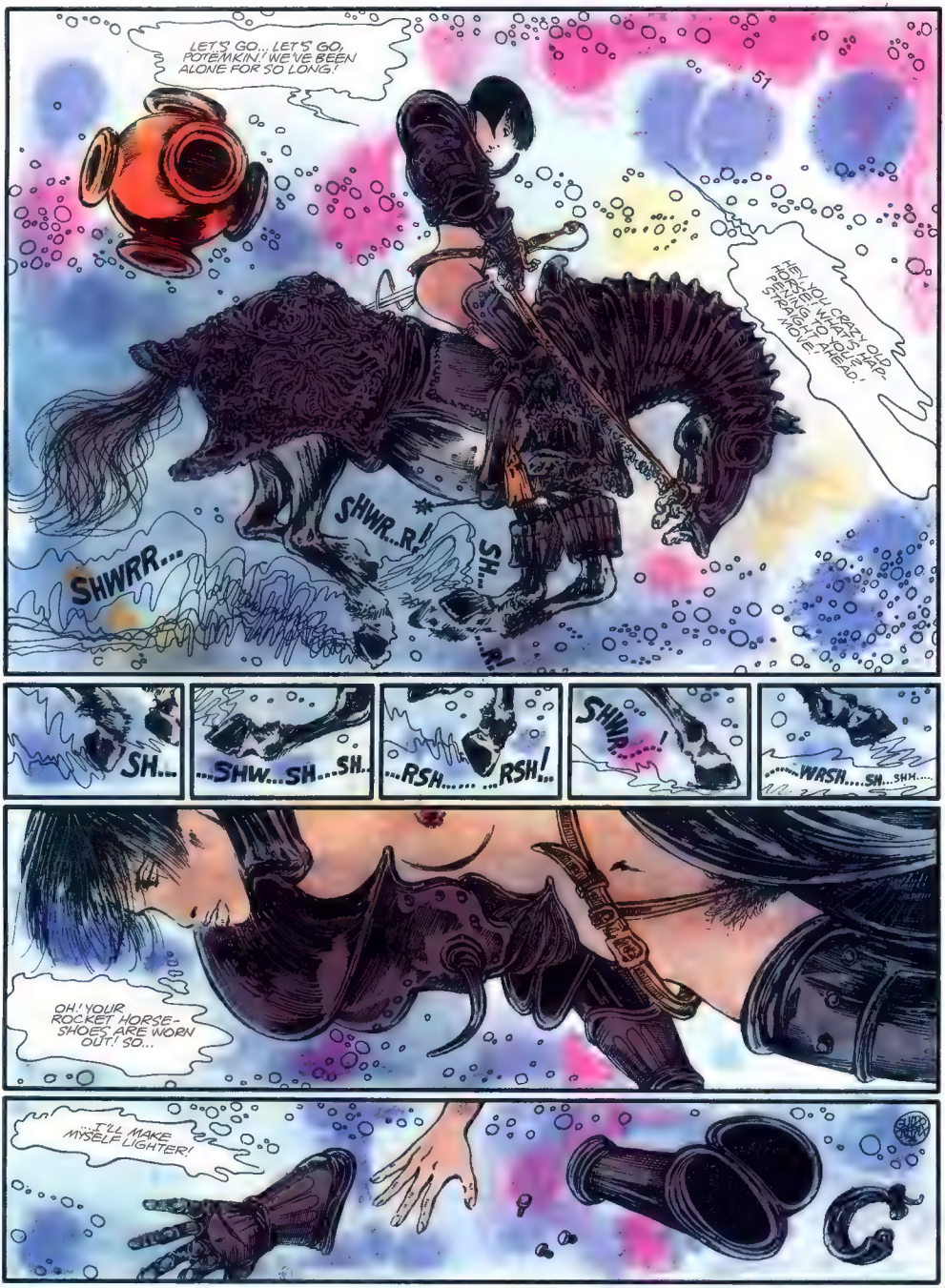
HM: Do you feel that the exploitation film as it once existed is an endangered species?

RC: It isn't dead, but it's been wounded.

VALENTINA THE PIRATE


ONE MOMENT. I WANT TO CATCH UP WITH THE PIRATE SPACESHIP IT MOVES LIKE A SOAP BUBBLE. MAYBE WE'LL MAKE IT. STRENGTH, POTEMKIN! ONE LAST JUMP!
SWRR!!
SO YOU'VE ELIMINATED ARMSTRONG, TOO. HE WAS SO DEAR. ARE YOU JEALOUS?
HON, STUPID YOU ARE! DIDN'T WE ELIMINATE ALL THE PROTAGONISTS?
WORRRRRRR.....
GO...GO...GO... WE MADE IT!
HMMM... I KNOW WHAT'S WAITING IN THE SPACECRAFT!
AHA! MORGANTE AND LAROUSSE MUST BE INSIDE!

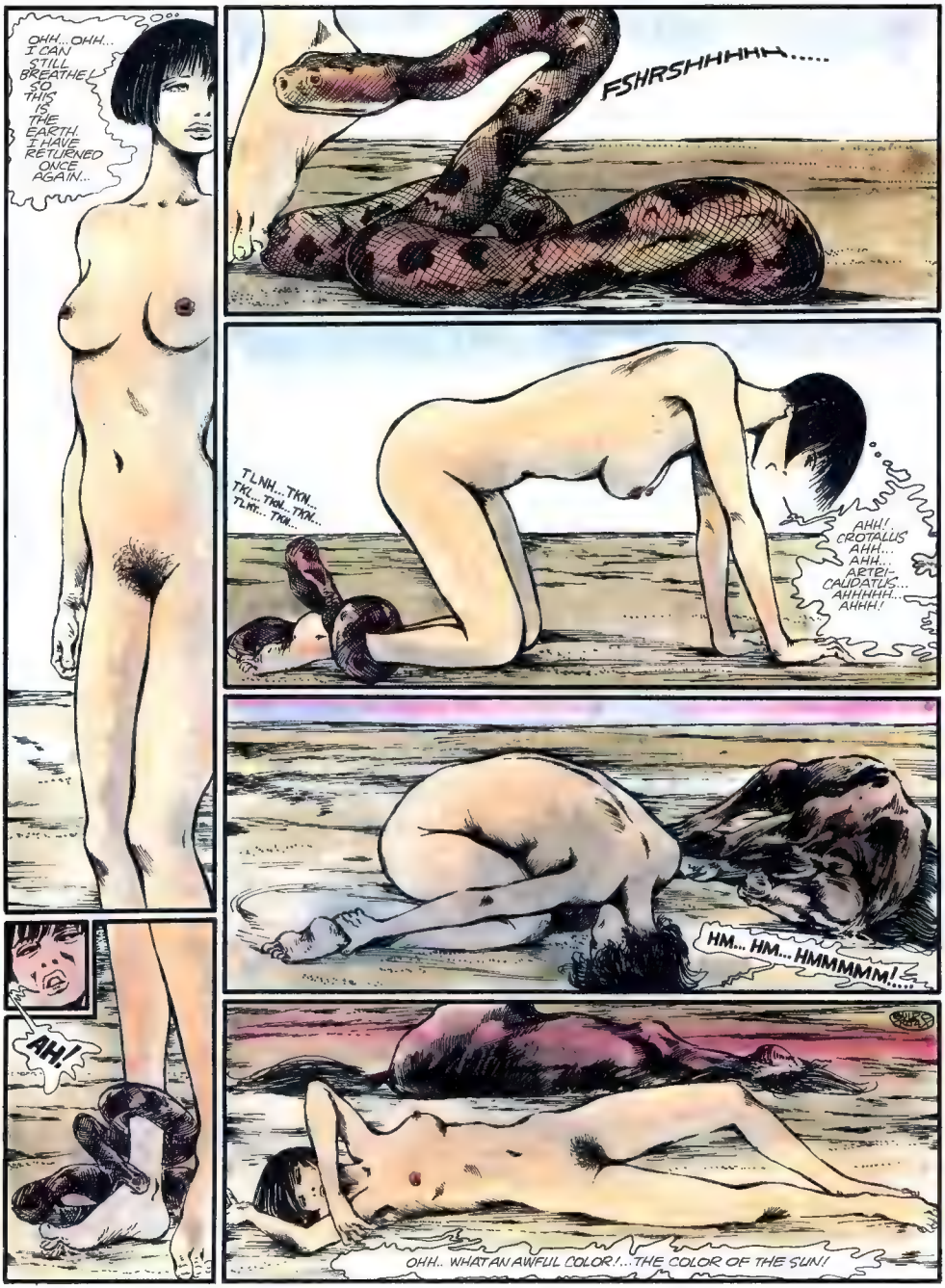

IN FACT...
...THEY'RE ALSO DEAD! FLOATING WITHOUT GRAVITY!
OKAY, LET'S GO, POTEMKIN! BUT WHERE? LET'S RETURN TO EARTH. SAD, ISN'T IT?
HMM... NOT VERY ORIGINAL, AND REVOLTINGLY SADISTIC!

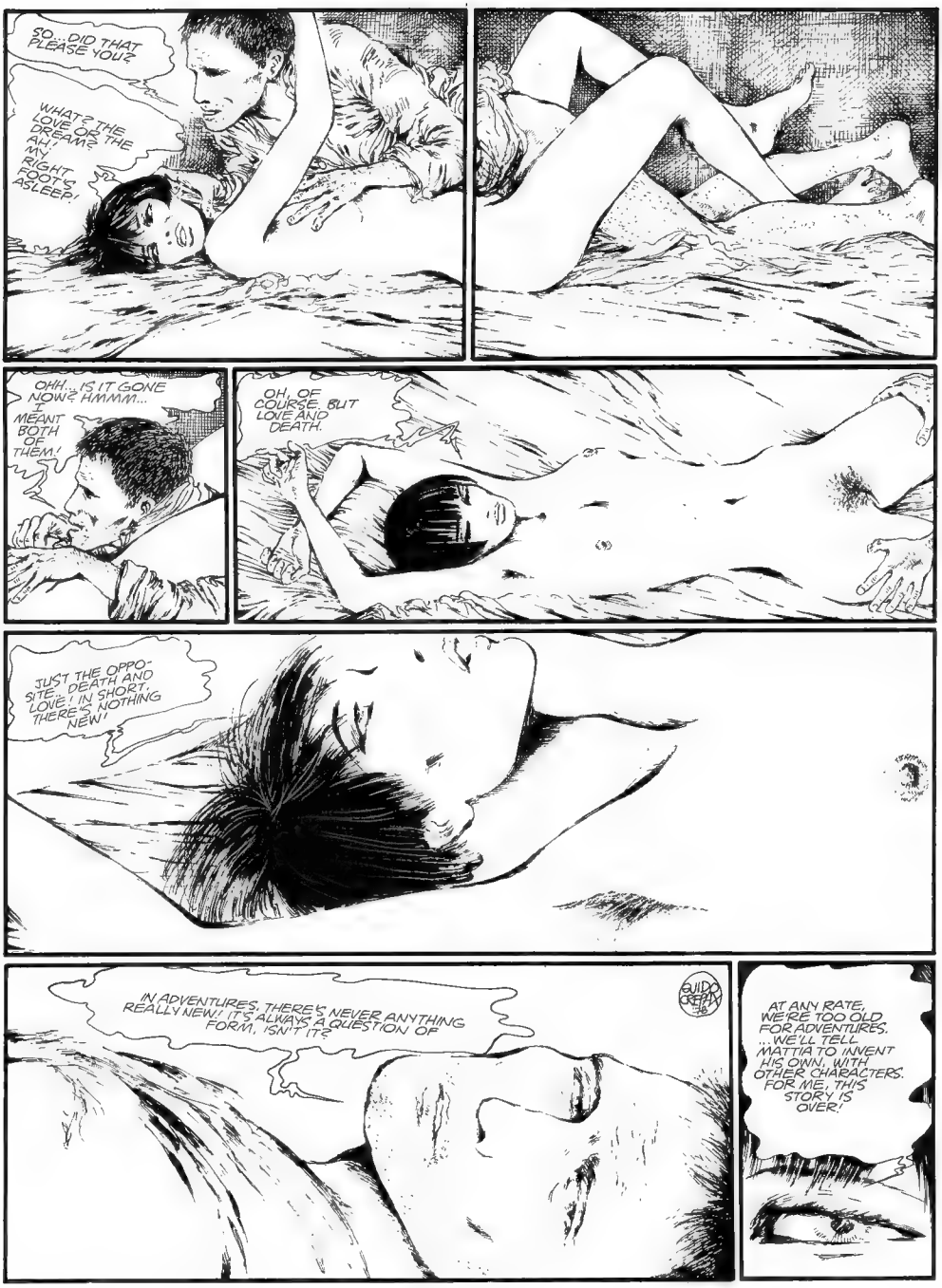

LET'S GO... LET'S GO, POTEMKIN! WE'VE BEEN ALONE FOR SO LONG!
51
HEY, YOU CRAZY OLD HORSE! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU? STRAIGHT AHEAD!
SHWR..R!
SH...
..R!
SHWRR...
SH...
...SHW...SH...SH..
...RSH..... ...RSH!...
SHWR.....!
.....WASH.....SH...SHH.....
OH! YOUR ROCKET HORSE-SHOES ARE WORN OUT! SO...
I'LL MAKE MYSELF LIGHTER!

DON'T STOP POTEMKIN, DON'T STOP!
SHWAR...
...SHR...
SHHHHHHA.....
RSH....
MY IRON LUNG IS OUT OF OXYGEN. I MIGHT AS WELL GET RID OF IT, TOO. I CAN BREATHE JUST FINE WITHOUT IT! THIS IS STRANGE!

I'M REALLY DIZZY! I'VE DRUNK TOO MUCH! I'M GOOD! THAT'S GOOD! LIKE THAT!
AHHH...AAAHHHH!
POTENTIAL FALLING WEREFASTER...FASTER...HOPELESS!
I'M FALLING FALLING
OOOOHH! THAT'S NOT ENOUGH! THAT'S NOT ENOUGH!

YOU'RE SO STRONG!
LIKE THAT. HELP-LESS TO FORCE... NO, NO!
AAAHHHHH!...
I'VE LOST MY GRIP!
OHOHOH.....


OHH...OHH... I CAN STILL BREATHE SO THIS IS THE EARTH I HAVE RETURNED ONCE AGAIN...
FSHRSHHHHH.....
TLNH... TKN... TKL... TKN... TKN... TLH... TKH...
AHH! CROTALUS AHH... AHH... ARTRI-CAUDATUS... AHHHHH... AHHH!
HM... HM... HMMMMM!...
AH!
OHH... WHAT AN AWFUL COLOR!... THE COLOR OF THE SUN!


SO...DID THAT PLEASE YOU?
WHAT? THE LOVE OR THE DREAM? THE AH! AH! AH! RIGHT, FOOT'S ASLEEP!
OHH...IS IT GONE NOW? HMMM... I MEANT BOTH OF THEM!
OH, OF COURSE. BUT LOVE AND DEATH.
JUST THE OPPOSITE. DEATH AND LOVE! IN SHORT, THERE'S NOTHING NEW!
GUIDO CREPAX '82
IN ADVENTURES, THERE'S NEVER ANYTHING REALLY NEW! IT'S ALWAYS A QUESTION OF FORM, ISN'T IT?
AT ANY RATE, WE'RE TOO OLD FOR ADVENTURES. ...WE'LL TELL MATTIA TO INVENT HIS OWN, WITH OTHER CHARACTERS. FOR ME, THIS STORY IS OVER!

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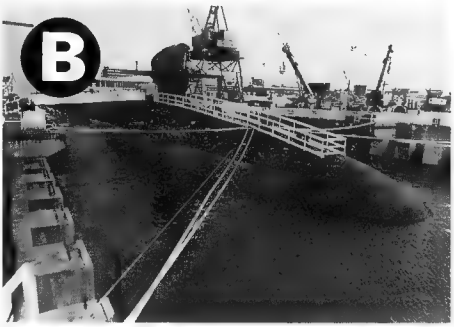

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I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
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WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE UNIVERSE FOR GREAT BACK ISSUES OF HEAVY METAL AND...
AND.
AND NOW WE FIND THAT WE CAN GET THEM DIRECT FROM HM.
WOW! RARE EARLY ISSUES OF HM! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BETTER?
FUTURE ISSUES?

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman."

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo.

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin' " and a Proust joke): 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien."

#27/JUNE 79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#34/JANUARY '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs.

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues; Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky. Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#43/OCTOBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: Cover by Hajime Sorayama. Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal inside.

#45/DECEMBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax.

#52/JULY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#74/MAY '83: Kaluta and Lee's stagestruck "Starstruck," "Marlowskitz" the robotic detective, and the conclusion of Manara and Pisu's "The Ape."

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York", and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull is interviewed. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

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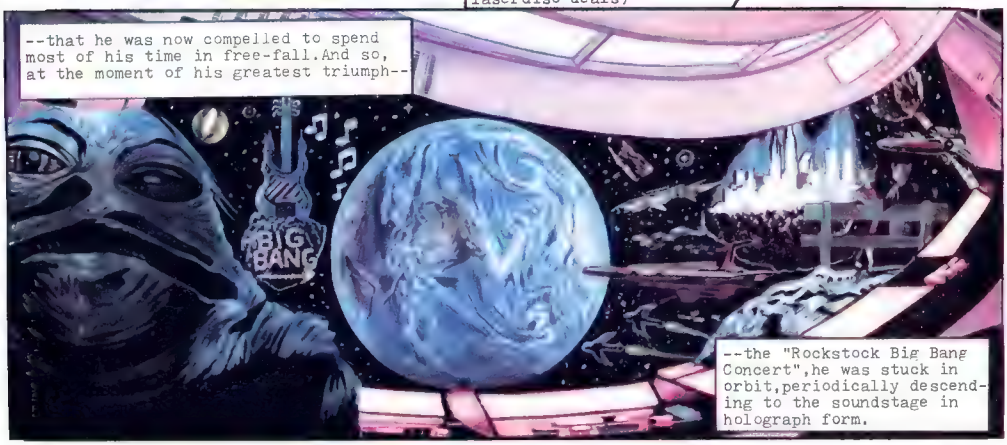
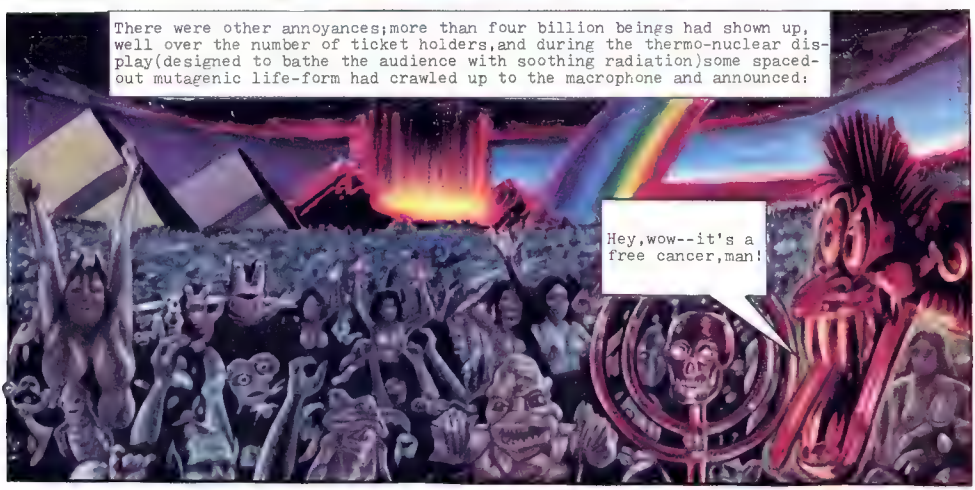
ROCK OPERA II:
THE RISE & FALL OF ROCKY STARZBORNE

Jakka the K,or "Wolfman Jakka,"as he was sometimes known,was the BIGGEST rock DJ in the Galaxy--literally.
In fact,he had become so corpulent(swollen,his enemies said,from payola and crooked laserdisc deals)--


--that he was now compelled to spend most of his time in free-fall.And so, at the moment of his greatest triumph--
BIG BANG
--the "Rockstock Big Bang Concert",he was stuck in orbit,periodically descending to the soundstage in holograph form.


There were other annoyances;more than four billion beings had shown up, well over the number of ticket holders,and during the thermo-nuclear display(designed to bathe the audience with soothing radiation)some spaced-out mutagenic life-form had crawled up to the macrophone and announced:
Hey,wow--it's a free cancer,man!
But Jakka never gave you anything for free.

Jakka was obsessed with his own "Big Bang" theory. He believed in a boffo entrance, arranging for the group "The Cash" to arrive by matter-transmitter.
POP!
--and for Eggman John to be swept onstage in the blood of the Virgo Boy's Choir. But still he yearned, as he lit his cigar by remote control, for the really "Big Bang" intro.
Far below him, the music bounced off the great pyramid speakers into the night, causing earthquakes on the other side of the little cow-pasture planet.
Suddenly, out of the corner of one bloodshot chameleon eye, Jakka saw a streak of light whiz past his sky-suite.
KA-BOOM!
The light coalesced, then hurtled down, down onto the soundstage where it landed in a dazzling explosion.

Jakka's chins quivered in ecstasy--this was the kind of entrance he'd dreamed of! This was the stuff! And the crowd roared...

After a moment, a dazed figure lurched out from the smoldering debris of the crashed spacecraft; a creature blackened by fire, its clothes in tatters. Tottering toward the macrophone, it spoke in a cracked whisper.

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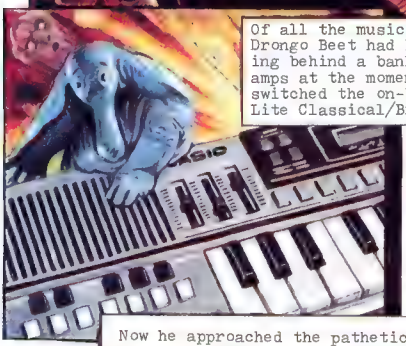
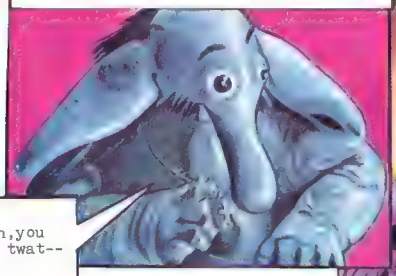
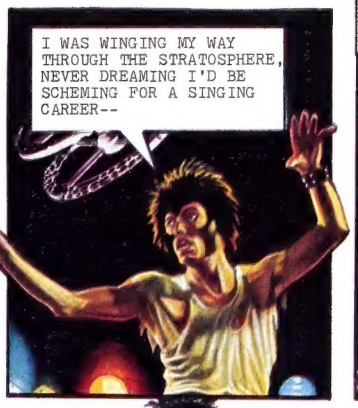


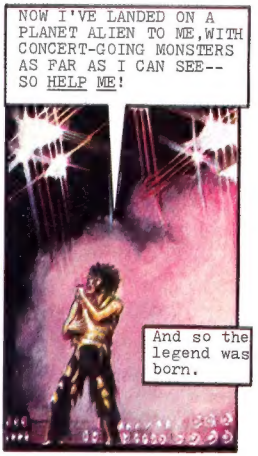
Of all the musicians onstage, only Drongo Beet had kept his head. Diving behind a bank of atomic-powered amps at the moment of impact, he had switched the on-board computer to a Lite Classical/Break Dance mode.

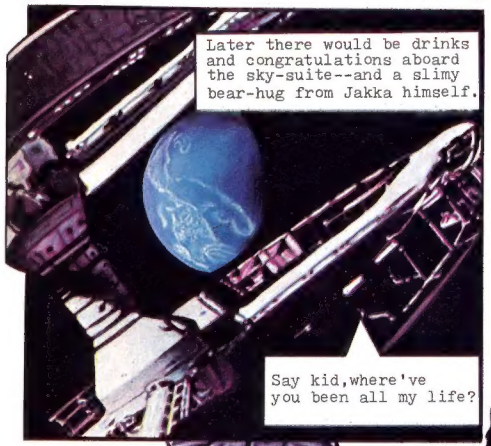
Now he approached the pathetic hulk and spoke to him.



Come on, you stupid twat--sing!






Later there would be drinks and congratulations aboard the sky-suite--and a slimy bear-hug from Jakka himself.
Say kid, where've you been all my life?

On the vidscreen behind Jakka's shoulder, Rocky watched the crowd try to get back to the satellite parking before the single continent, rocked by a constant barrage of killer wattage, began to divide.
Now that's what I call a Big Bang!

TO BE CONTINUED...

the bus

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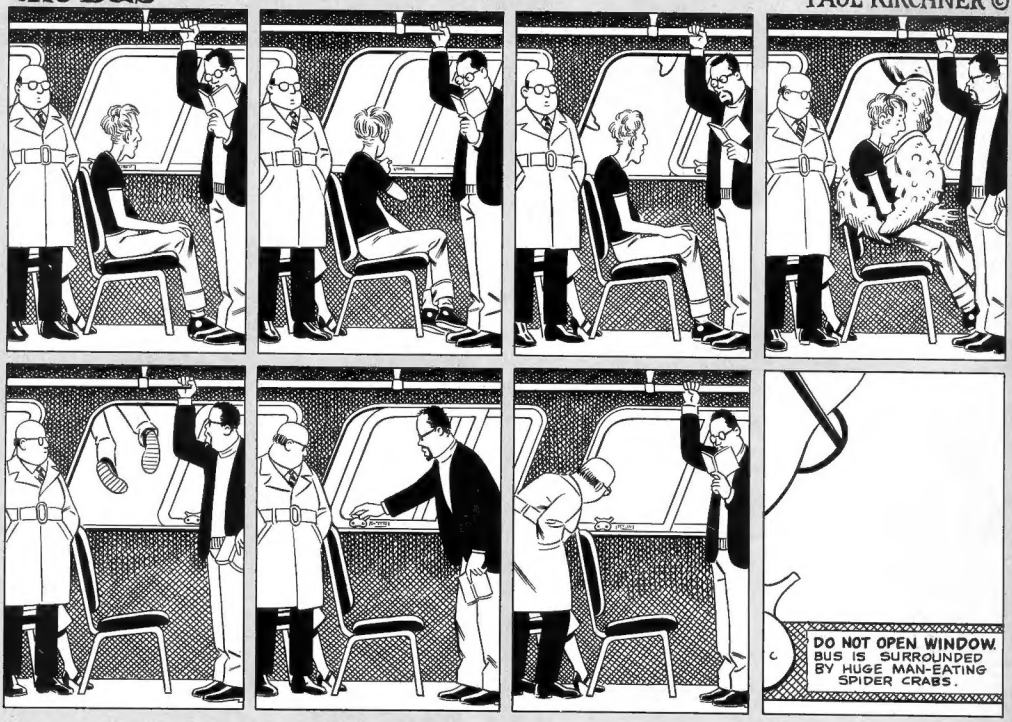

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